

Serendipity: A Musical FanFiction

by Rainbowcrystle

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Summary: This features the adventures of Olivia and Celia, two friends called on by StarClan to summon various characters from certain books/movies/T.V. shows. This contains more than just Warriors and RotG. Rated K plus only for some action and minor swearing from Harry Potter characters.

1. Preview

****QUICKLY!:** This is more than simply Warriors and Rise of the Guardians! Here is a list of books/movies that I have used in this crossover, as well as whether it is post-movie, pre-movie, or what book it is before/after/between. If you haven't read or seen any of these books or movies, a) try them b) I will guide you through it.

Warriors:**** After A Forgotten Warrior****

****_Rise of the Guardians: post-movie****

Artemis Fowl: ****after the second book(The Arctic Incident)_****

****_Star Wars: The Clone Wars: some time during season 5****

Hunger Games: ****after first book, possibly into the second****

Dragon Slippers: ****after first book****

Lord of the Rings:**** after entire story****

Harry Potter: ****before last book, during the summer before school****

The Unwanteds: ****after the first book****

****The Inheritance Trilogy (_Eragon):_ after the entire series****

Tangled: ****post-movie****

How to Train Your Dragon:**** sometime after movie (I won't focus on this _too _much(sorry...))****

****I may also add _The Chronicles of Narnia:_ after _The Lion, the Witch, and the Wardrobe_, so keep a look-out. I plan to ask my friend, Celia, if she would write a chapter or something along those lines for me, too. Anyway, this is based on a game I thought up back in 5th grade, as an 'Ultimate Adventure' with many different characters. I would put Percy and the other demigods in, but I don't want the Greek gods to be real this time. Also, I have enough confusion with North from _Rise of the Guardians _and Artemis having discovered in the first book that Santa Claus is really a member of the People named San D'Klass. Of course, even the People have their myths...****

****I will work towards getting the next chapter in within a few days- I already have to written out in a journal!****

2. No One Mourns the Wicked

****Wahoo! New chapter! This one is short-ish, so stick with me. I wonder if anyone is even paying me ANY attention. I saw maybe two views? Darn! Oh well. On ward! (Oh, by the way, this will contain quite a few songs (many you may know) so, at the end of every chapter, I will make a list of the songs if you care to look them up (Also, when I write, I tend to avoid clichÃ©s, so please don't confuse yourselves if I say, "On the other bun" or something else weird)****

Several dark, suspicious beings slumped in the chairs placed around a large table. Normally, these figure in question would hold themselves with pride and dignity. Today, on the other bun, they wore defeat like a cloak.

Along with these figures, there were cats sitting at one end of the table. They gazed at the beings with narrow eyes.

"You fools!" One meowed, his natural tongue being translated by various means. He was a dark tabby with amber eyes. "Hold yourselves up! Soon, we will claim our rights! None of those mouse-brained idiots will realize what's happening when we make ourselves known. Do not forget this in the approaching moon."

"And how do you suppose we accomplish this?! We are lead by a band of filthy cats, for Slytherin's sake!" One of them retorted. He was a man with no hair, gray skin, slits for a nose, and snake-like eyes. He wore a black cloak, like many in the room.

"If you want to know," a cat similar to the first, but with ice blue eyes hissed. "You will remain silent... if you value your health."

The room fell to a deathly silent. A thought passed through many of

these people's minds: _I am being threatened by a fluffy kitty cat.
_Oh, how ignorant they were.

"We will pick off our enemies, one by one, in the manner in which those among us who despise each group sees fitting. Then, from there will plan the next step."

In many places, certain people were rejoicing over the fact that, _Hey, I'm not dead, even though I went through a lot of trouble in the nearby past!_

After all...No one mourns the wicked.

****See?! See?! I told you this was short! Anyway, I would like to make two points:****

****First, as you may know, managing forty-something characters is NOT easy. Also, as real life plays out, we tend to focus on certain people more than others. So, in my story, I may basically ignore your favorite character. I apologize in advance, but I will work towards focusing on ALL of the characters I use. Please feel free to complain if I remain oblivious to giving a character due respect.****

****Second, I don't really care about 'flames', especially if I deserve them. But, please refrain from cursing or saying anything inappropriate. Cursing doesn't bother me _that_ much, but I STILL don't like it. As for the other... I will hunt you down to the ends of the Earth, if necessary. :P (I cannot believe I just did that, but :))****

3. A Mental Text From StarClan

****Not much to say... (I'm sure this delights most of you) No reviews though...because I only started this story yesterday. (Someone reading this might be reading it a year later or more (Yay, you!)) Last thing! Yes, my name is misspelled for a reason (Rainbowcrystle) . Not a reasonable reason, but one nonetheless.****

A frown spread across my face by unconscious habit. I was pondering over whether I should contact Waterdew or simply forget about it and write FanFiction.

_ Waterdew, duh,_ I could not help but think.

I worked with my mom, Celia, and her mom, so that Celia could spend the night at my house for a get-together.

When she arrived that Saturday, said her 'hello's' and 'goodbye's', and dropped her belongings down on the floor of my room, I made the announcement.

"StarClan sent me a mental text message!"

Celia sat me down, looked me in the eyes, and said, "Olivia, there is no such thing as a mental text message."

"I know, but what else would you call Spottedleaf materializing beside me a few days ago nearly causing me to wet my pants and instructing me to call you over," I insisted.

"Um, crazy?" My friend offered.

"Other than that," I added.

"I guess... you, then?" She corrected.

"And that," I droned.

"Then... nothing," she shrugged.

A tortoiseshell she-cat shimmered into my bedroom in the floor.

"Greeting, Rainbowcrystle, Waterdew," she spoke, and we understood. (Cool!) "I have a mission for you. I need you to gather certain heroes together and unite them. Evil is rising, hungry for revenge.

"Typical. Anything new?" I beamed. It was fake, obviously.

"This is serious!" She snapped. "We will transport the two of you to your new camp... or your old one, I should say. There, you will summon, greet, and train these people."

"I knew I was a cat!" I ejaculated.

"Yes," she purred. "We also will take care of the Clans."

"Who do we need to contact?" I asked, already for adventure.

"You will find a list of in your camp. Now, close your eyes," she commanded.

Celia looked at me as if she had lost all ability to focus. She, as I did, shut her eyes. When we had done so, we felt as if we were in a misty nothing, and then on the ground. A soft chirp of birdsong danced around us as we lifted our eyelids. Sunlight danced and flitted among the leaves in the trees of Greenleaf. We had arrived in a lush forest.

We had left a summer off from school for 'StarClan's Greenleaf Camp.' Amazeballs!

Concealed in that woodland was a fort built on the tops of the trees, and hidden by the masses of leaves. To enter the cyclopean tree fort, one must have climbed up the camouflaged ladders. The individual houses were connected by walkways and extended porch-like accesses, also concealed.

Waterdew and I scrambled up the near-invisible ladders to explore our surroundings. In each individual house, there were four separate bedrooms, two bathrooms, and a living space with adjacent kitchenette.

"Wow, cool," Celia declared when we had concluded our tour.

"So, who are we supposed to 'summon'?" I wondered aloud.

Like a leaf in autumn (or leaf-fall I should say), a spotted piece of

paper fluttered down, covered in... contacts. And instructions of where we could find the things we needed. I bent over to pick it up from where it landed, and another glided down to Celia.

"So, we have the phone number, email address, Facebook contact... I don't even use face book!" I exclaimed, skimming over the sheet of paper.

Celia glanced at the list I was holding. "Some of them even have an instagram!"

"Good grief, I thought these people had real lives!" I moaned. "Well, most of them."

"What if they don't have a phone or whatever?" Celia questioned, looking at the names. After a few moments, she answered her own question. "Oh, their addresses are on here."

I took a couple of moments to fully read the list

"Huh. So, we_ have_ to convince these heroes to join us-" I indicated the first portion of the list, where the instructions had been the same in message as what I had explained to Waterdew. "-And the others are optional backup."

My 'must-haves' were:

- the Jedi from _Star Wars_
- the Unwanted from _The Unwanted_
- the Faravel from _Dragon Slippers_
- the Guardians from _Rise of the Guardians_
- and Artemis and Holly from _Artemis Fowl_

On the optional side, I had:

- the princess, Rapunzel, from Corona
- the Familiars and their wizards from _The Familiars_

Celia's 'must-haves' were:

- the heroes and heroines of _The Lord of the Rings_
- the Districts from _Hunger Games_
- the wizarding world from _Harry Potter_
- the Varden/ Dragon Riders from the Inheritance Cycle
- the Grace children from _the Spiderwick Chronicles_

And her 'optional back-ups' were:

- the world of Narnia from _The Chronicles of Narnia_
- the heroes and heroines of the Inkheart trilogy

I ambled to a computer and plopped myself down. My plan was to contact first through the computer, and then the hand-written letters. Who was first? Artemis, duh. One look at his email address and I was determined to live up to my title of 'The Second Most Annoying Thing in Existence.' It happened to be afowl2. _Boring! _I thought. I pulled up the email's website and created an account using the name 'artemisfowlisagirl' (think about that with an added to it) _There, _I declared in my head. _That's much better than his dulcet one._ then, I typed up a message:

Dear Artemis Fowl II,

Whatsup?(Say that more often) Spottedleaf says I have to invite you to help us save the world from Opal, as well as some other evil villains. But be warned: I am the second most annoying thing EVER, so don't vex me!

PEACE OUT,

R.C.

P.S.- tell Holly

P.P.S- we know you like her

P.P.P.S.- my username is awesome, yours, however, is just LAME

I gave a satisfied, evil maniacal laugh and moved on to my next victim! I chose the Jedi next. Their contact coordinates were (0,4), (7,-2). I typed them in and composed another message, but using a different account, as I had decided to create one for each group. My username was Palpatinehasabigbutt (again, to achieve the proper affect, one must add)

Dear Jedi Peeps,

Tell Ahsoka, Anakin, Obi-wan, and Captain Rex to get their sorry butts down here on earth (9,4), (-2,7) and help us defeat your enemy, whom is helping several other evil-doers. Tea and cakes will be served, not to worry Obi-wan. Also underwear upon request (for consumption). Please R.S.V.P. A.S.A.P. (Reply as soon as possible). Remember, the Son is _ba-ack_, plotting your downfall (and others') Thank you.

PEACE OUT,

R.C.

Next were the Unwanteds in Artime. This address was readmorebooks ().

Dear Mr. Today,

A single thing- or person- Aaron Stowe. Send help! Bad grammar due to creating tone and mood. Awesomeness in the flesh out.

PEACE,

R.C.

Last, was the Guardians. This was, to put it bluntly, very awkward.

Dear Guardians,

Pitch has decided to return... yet again (Can't he get over it?!). This time, however, he has teamed up with some other baddies. Send help, we (I mean StarClan) is conjuring up some forces.

PEACE OUT!

R.C.

P.S.- tell Pitch to stop wearing that man-dress of his, it makes him look even more like an ugly girl. Uuuuuuuuuuuuuuuuugh!

I had no other emails, and no phone calls of any non-email users either, so I closed out of the internet and moved on to writing (Yes, with those primitive tools called paper and pencil (pens too)). The only letter I had to write was to Faravel. It looked like this:

Dear Faravel,

In your future and my present, Princess Amalia has joined up with other villains who have the intention of destroying you and others. Please consider joining us to counter these people. Luka, Shardas, and Creel would be most likely sources of help, as well as Tobin, Martha, and Feniul. Thank you.

-R.C.

(If you accept, Spottedleaf will aid your travels here)

With that, I left it in an envelop for Spottedleaf to deliver.

I sauntered over to Celia. "How are you coming along?"

"I'm almost... done!" She exclaimed, finishing her last alert.

"Great! Now we can wait for the replies," I concluded. I settled myself on the floor, and we chatted idly for an hour or so.

"i'm going to check the computer," I declared eventually. "We'll talk later."

I sat back down into the now familiar seat of the computer chair. One person had responded:

afowl2: RE: OPAL BACK

I opened said response to read the following:

Dear R.C.,

I do not know how you came across my email address or any information about me, even if several of those so called 'facts' were little more than offensive remarks. I am also bemused over the fact that you know

of Opal Koboi, as well as her plans. Until I have factual evidence that this is not a prank, I will take no further action. Unless, of course, that my safety and privacy are compromised.

-Artemis Fowl II

I gave a slight smirk and an eye roll before beginning a reply.

Artemis,

I regret none of the things I wrote for two reasons: first, I laughed my butt off; second, I caught your attention and earned a reply. I doubt I have any evidence, but Spottedleaf might. Therefore the best deal I can offer is to have you come and see for yourself. Now, I realize that I sound like a kidnapper, and I also realize you are a cautious person (to a certain extent), so your choices are this: take a chance and join us, or work alone.

R.C. out, peace.

With satisfaction, I clicked the send button.

Within five minutes, the Unwanted's response from Artemis arrived. However, instead of words, it was a built-in video of Mr. Today.

"Hello, R.C.," he began. "I can tell you need our help in some way. therefore, I am sending Alex, Lani, Meghan, and Samheer to aid you. Good luck... or break a leg, whichever you prefer."

Artemis's re-reply came roughly two minutes later. It read:

R.C.

This is most interesting... are you really two people? Or is your employer angry with your first email to me? In any case I will debate this with Holly, but do not believe we will make any move to help you.

Sincerely,

Artemis

"Great, now he'll start thinking I'm 'more like him than I realize' next," I mutter under my breath as a hologram message from the Jedi arrives. It was Yoda.

"Sense this we do. Send help, we will."

My day didn't stop being awesome there.

Sorry I haven't updated! I've been busy! (Also, I don't want to demand reviews, but it will help motivated me, so if you feel the need to complain, I would love it!)

****This is one of my less interesting chapter (as is the last one), but trust me, it get more exciting and interesting as the story grows. I have asked my friend, Celia, a few questions, so she _will _be paired with a character, and I sort of will, but I'm not a romance fan, so (hopefully) it will be interesting. Also, I don't pair characters as much as others, so with only a few exceptions, there will be no falling hopelessly in love (unless there are already _in _a relationship)! Also, with the last chapter, when I saved each story, it deleated certain parts, so some sentences say '(think about adding)' or something a bit like that, and I apologize. I meant for it to have 'at blah blah blah dot com' with the symbols, but it doesn't like adding them for some reason! Sorry!****

My last two contacts were still left. Those two, Rapunzel and the Familiars, could only be accessed through postage, which I wrote using the same basic context as my others. When I had written, sealed and addressed them, I left them with my first letter for Spottedleaf.

Celia, who had finished more or less 20 minutes ago, emerged into the room brandishing another sheet of paper. More notes from StarClan. This particular one was a second portion of the contact list.

"We have two more optional back-ups. Hiccup from _How to Train Your Dragon _and MÃ©rida from _Brave_. They're both letters. Do you want to write them?" She looked at me.

"Yeah... sure, whatever..." I agreed, only half listening. I was reading a recently sent email. Said email was addressed as follows:

guardians: RE: Men in dresses

Olivia,

>North says I'm coming. I hope there's snow.
-Jack

(P.S.- nice username)

_Not a chance, _I thought, snickering.

J,

You'll be pleased to know it is summer here as well as my part of the globe. As for my username, you know it is.

>MWAH HA HA HA HA!
R.C. out, peace.

>P.S.- This girl is on fire!<p>

It was lunchtime, but I had to compose another email for 'a fowl' (LET'S GO LAME PUNS!). Lunch could wait, I supposed. After all, it was my brother that was the hungry hobbit.

Arty Boy,

>Cool. (I don't have much to say at this point, so

COOL)
-R.C.

_To lunch! _I thought. I stood up into a stretch. Ahhh... I've always loved to stretch. It hurts and feels good at the same time.

I skipped off to find Celia, who I found in the kitchen of the tree house we had basically claimed.

"Hey," I greeted her. "Have you found an opportunity to explore around at all?"

"Yeah it's really cool!"

"So, what's to eat in the fridge?"

"There's plenty to choose from."

"Thanks!"

I dashed over to the refrigerator and swung open the door. Inside was all of the foods and meals I enjoy the most, as well as food I was interested in tasting. It was cool... in fact, it was amazeballs!

I selected a large container of noodles in Alfredo sauce. Oh, the cheesy goodness! I warmed it up in the microwave to create a creamier sauce that coated the noodles easily. It was delicious, yet simple.

While it heated, I retrieved a hunk of the crusty bread with a soft inside from the fridge. To drink, I poured a glass of lemonade.

When I finished, I transported my lunch to the snazzy bar where Celia sat eating either Stouffer's or home-made mac'n'cheese (I know this because she once told me these were the only two she ate).

"Did you notice how the refrigerator was filled with your favorite foods?" I broached, and then proceeded to shove a fork-full of pasta into my mouth.

"It did?" She reciprocated. "I wasn't sure."

"I think so."

Within minutes, my bowl was emptied. "Apparently I was hungry," I stated. Promptly, I took a swig of my lemonade.

"Me too," Celia agreed, scooping the last of her meal into her mouth.

When she swallowed, she asked, "Are you finished?"

"No, I still have some bread left."

"I meant with the messages!"

"Oh! No, but I'm very close. There are some people who have yet to agree."

"Do you want me to do one of yours?"

"Yeah, would you write Merida from Brave?"

"Sure."

I chewed a bite of bread. "What would you do if Draco Malfoy showed up?"

"Umm... give him some poisoned Yoda biscuits or something." **(This is a treat we baked using Bisquick, green food dye, and chocolate chips, and then drenching them in chocolate sauce for a cooking show we filmed)** We chuckled. "What would you do?"

"I would probably slam the door in his face and then get a large branch and poke him with it."

She laughed while a large grin spread across my face. And more boring things continued to happen, such as finishing my lunch and clearing the dishes. Then, I wrote to Hiccup.

* * *

><p>Finally, an hour or so after dinner (pizza and peaches) we had our responses from the characters. Except for the Familiars, Merida, and, well we didn't even think to sent to them, the characters from The Chronicles of Narnia, everyone had agreed to send someone or come. I was, however, waiting for the final, seal-the-deal email from Artemis.

Somewhere around 9:00 p.m., the last email arrived. I was not to know this until a while later, because I had been able to take a well-deserved, relaxing shower. Thus, I waited, blissfully ignorant for several minutes. So, when I emerged into my room from the bathroom adjacent to both my friend's room and my room, with dripping wet hair and comfortable pajamas, I checked the computer. Lo, it was there waiting for me to open it and read it.

R.C.,

>Your last email was strange in many ways, but I have come to accept strangeness from your messages. I have discussed this with Holly and we have reached an agreement in which I meet you on behalf of the People. However, there are one condition: you are unarmed. Fail to comply or lack of truth will not end well. In fact, if anyone finds out, it will not end well for anyone.
-A.F.

I leaped into typing a response, while my hair dripped moister onto my shirt.

Spottedleaf will get you here somehow tomorrow, so don't freak out when you watch as a starry cat materializes out of a seeming nowhere.

>Peace out,
R.C.

After that, I continued with my not-so-routine nightly routine. That is, until I was startled by a she-cat's caterwaul.

"Rainbowcrystle! Waterdew! Where are you?!" I bolted off to find the owner of the raspy voice, without even bothering to finish brushing my teeth (I even had my toothbrush in my hand as I raced out the door).

Celia and I exited the tree house to find what could only have been Yellowfang. She was a flat-faced, gray she-cat with amber eyes, an irritated look twisting her features, and medium length fur. Her gray pelt sparkled silvery-gray in the starlight.

"Finally! I have better things to do than stand around waiting for

two slow-poke young-in's like yourselves to come and greet me-especially with what I'm about to do!" She snapped. Ah, Yellowfang, she was always ****ACTING LIKE SHE HAD A THORN STUCK UP HER BUTT!**** (But that's way I _love_ her! (Not sarcasm))

"What is it, Yellowfang?" I inquired.

"Oh, good, you know who I am," she meowed. "I have come to restore your proper abilities."

"We get power-ups!?" I screamed.

"Awesome!" Celia shouted.

"Yes," Yellowfang growled. "So, scream a little louder, please."

"I'm going to act as though I don't understand sarcasm!" I declared, screaming again.

"Waterdew, step forward," Yellowfang commanded. Waterdew, also known as Celia, rushed up to the StarClan warrior.

"I, Yellowfang of StarClan, restore the powers and abilities that you, Waterdew, once possessed. From this moment forward, water is yours to command."

An aura of watery colors enveloped Celia in a flash and was gone. Although I expected her to come out dripping wet, her curly, dark brown hair remained fluffy and dry. This also occurred with her somewhat freckled skin. Her eyes remained the mellow shade of green they always were. Much to someone reading this's disappointment, her regular clothes did not change to mystic warrior woman clothes either.

But the normalness took a vacation when she let loose a jet of the purest water seen in millennium.

"That. Was. ****AMAZEBALLS!****" I ejaculated.

"Rainbowcrystle, step forward," Yellowfang instructed.

I approached the medicine cat with simple, unadorned steps.

"I, Yellowfang of StarClan, restore the powers and abilities that you, Rainbowcrystle, once possessed. From this moment forward, energy and creativity is yours to command."

I was engulfed in an explosion of energy. As this happened, my brain flooded with creative energy.

Normally, in books and stories, when something like this happens, it 'lasts for an eternity.' In reality, it lasted for a second and it _felt_ _like_ a second. (Those liars!)

Like Celia, I came out as unaltered as possible when you have just been given powers.

A random, but super awesome idea came to me.

"Free spontaneous singing and dancing outbursts for everyone- even if you don't sing!" Crackles of energy lazily slunk into the air and dispersed into the air.

Yellowfang snorted. "I will never understand you."

"No is supposed to," I stated.

* * *

><p>That was strange of me to do, but this way, it's more fun and interesting! I would love for a review or something: I want my readers' input on how the story is progressing! Also, having another person's idea running through my head is fun to work into the story I already have planned. PLEASE review (I'm not one of the authors that desperately needs reviews/follows/favorites, but a few would be nice...just so I know how you feel about my story!)**

5. Friendship and Vampires

Hey! The characters begin to make their appearances in this chapter, so yay! The first song is also sung in this chapter too! As always, feel free to give me any input you feel necessary. I would like to add that I may rush the arrival of the characters because I want to get to the juicy parts, so stick through the boring, and good things will ensue! -Your crazy story manager, Rainbowcrystle.

Book Soldier was the first person to review and my hands are shaking with crazy excitement! Thank you thank you thank you! I'm glad I'm including your favorite books, and yes, I have read all three _Dragon Slippers_ books! Although I have heard of the_ Ranger's Apprentice, _I have not read it. Anyways, please enjoy this chapter. I was considering about sneaking in some more evil people chapters, so since you want them, I shall write them! Also, in a later chapter, we will see a villain attack (I may have said I have this written out in a journal) so look out for that!

Gravityfallsmd is my first follower, so thank you for your support as well! You are amazing! Everyone who reads my story helps keep me going, so I can't thank you enough! The only thanks I can provide is another chapter!

* * *

><p>I woke to the beginning of 'It's a Beautiful Day' by Michael Buble (curse you, lack of accented letters) playing on my favorite radio station. Strange that there is perfect reception in a place far from my home.<p>

I swung myself out of bed and staggered over to the bathroom, hands in my olive-green hoodie. Along with the black shorts I was wearing, that was my favorite thing to wear when I slept or lazed around.

I through open the door and entered while flicking on the lights. I untangled my now dry, ash-blond hair, so that it fell down my back in light waves. It wasn't curly, but it also wasn't straight. Then I brushed my teeth and applied deodorant.

* * *

><p>Breakfast went by slowly...in fact, the whole day seemed to drag by. I distracted myself by reading and writing FanFiction, but the excitement would not allow me to stay calm and composed (As if that could ever happen in normal circumstances.) The one thing that did seem to distract me was a random thought outburst. Have you ever noticed how most characters in books and movies have blue, green, or weird color eyes? Think about it. Anakin Skywalker, Ahsoka Tano, Obiwan Kenobi, Artemis Fowl, Jack Frost, Bluestar, Percy Jackson, (Jack, Bluestar, and Percy's make sense I guess) Creelisel Carlburn, Peeta Mellark and possibly Eragon all have blue eyes, while Harry Potter, Fireheart, and Celia have green eyes. (Except when she turned into a cat(Waterdew), then here eys were blue) Meanwhile, Katniss Everdeen, Annabeth Chase, and Toothiana (Tooth Fairy in Rise of the Guardians (ring a bell?)) have gray/voilet eyes. Otherwise, it doesn't seem to matter! ME? I have these deep, dark brown eyes. Other than me, who has brown eyes? Captain Rex and the clones, Jamie Bennett, and Jack Frost before he drowned. Wow, what a large selection! What, do writers assume brown is too vulnerable? Ugly? Do I need to hurt someone to clear this lie!?

Unconsciously I clinched my fingers into a ball and stiffened up. I held this for several minutes until I realized what I was doing. I forced myself to go limp and relax.

"Oh my StarClan," I moaned. "I'm so _bored._"

I stood up (considering I was sitting down) and stretched my entire body for a few minutes while I waited for my brain to leave La-La Land and reboot.

"Rainbowcrystle," I soft voice called.

A spike of adrineline shot through my system while I spun to face my attacker. Instead, there was a fluffy(ish) blue kitty with blue eyes. It could only mean one thing...

"Bluestar!" I yelped, racing over to the deceased she-cat.

"It is time," she stated: couldn't be more blunt, but at the same time curious.

"Really?! Please smack me hard so I can CALM DOWN!" I whooped.

"Just get ready, they will be arriving in a short time," she warned.

Without another word I scrambled over to the bathroom to throw on my pale khaki shorts and my green 'Wicked' T-shirt. I acquired it in New York on a school trip after going to see the play ON BROADWAY! (Best. Ever!)

I emerged from my room and waited a couple of seconds. Waterdew burst into the bathroom in between our rooms.

"Wah! Oh, hey, Olivia! Guess What?" She ejaculated.

"A StarClan warrior came to you and told you the characters were coming!" I 'guessed.'

"Yes! Did it happen to you?"

"Yeah! It was Bluestar! Who visited you?"

"Tallstar, I think."

"Cool! Tallstar is is the fastest cat in WindClan... well, except for Wind... but anyway, they're coming!"

"Yeah!"

"Let's go wait outside!"

"Okay!"

We shot outside onto the large connected deck. It was a mild afternoon outside, if a bit warm.

"Where are we going to meet them?" Celia asked.

"On the ground, probably," I responded in an instant. "Until then we should stay here."

"I'm so nervous!" Celia squealed.

"I'm so excited!" I whooped, causing several birds to take to the skies. Pure brilliance.

"So when they get here," I suggested. "We should use today to allow everyone to settle, as well as plan for tomorrow. Then, we can plan a schedule!"

"Yeah, that's a good idea," Celia agreed.

"Thanks for being a great supportive friend."

"Aw, thanks, Olivia."

Music began to play. It was pretty and somewhat remorseful. I began to sing.

_I've heard it said,
>That people come into our lives
For a reason
>Bringing something we must learn

_And we are lead to those,
>Who help us most to grow,
__If we let them
>And we help them in return

_Well, I don't know if I believe that's true,
>But I know I'm who I am today,
Because I knew you_

_Like a comet pulled from orbit,
>As it passes a sun
Like a stream that meets a boulder,
>Halfway through the wood

_Who can say if I've been changed for the better?
>But because I knew you,
I have been changed for good_

"That was good," Celia complimented me while the music continued into Elphaba's solo. Waterdew picked up a few lines later.

_So much of me is made from what I learned from you,
>_You'll be with me like a hand print on my heart
>And now whatever way our stories end,
I know you have rewritten mine,
>By being my friend

_Like a ship blown from its mooring,
>By a wind off the sea
Like a seed dropped by a sky bird,
>In a distant wood

_Who can say if I've been changed for the better?
>But because I knew you,
I have been changed for good_

We concluded with the ending duet:

_Because I knew you,
>_Because I knew you,
>_I have been changed..._

For good

Normally, I was the one who broke out into song (and dance where applicable), but since I cast that spell (or whatever you want to call it) she had joined in with me. In addition, her voice was one of an experienced singer.

"That was a fun way to begin a possibly stressful day!" I declared.

"It was," Waterdew agreed.

We sat there... just chillin'. StarClan could take their time. After all, they had forever and a day, unlike some people I could mention. But, hey, we were just chillin'.

"OH MY STARCLAN! THIS IS KILLING ME! I FEEL USELESS! AAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAH!" I yelled out to the world. To add to the effect, (might as well amuse myself) I began to fake hyperventilation.

"Honey," Celia told me in her scolding voice. "You have _got_ to calm down."

"That's impossible!" I retorted. "I'm naturally supplied with boundless energy! I can't stay calm under these conditions!"

There was a pause. "Me neither!"

"That conversation was interesting," another voice cut in. It was cold, but not how you might expect it. Instead of 'evil bad-guy' cold, it was more of a crisp, cool, and composed kind; it was possibly even judgmental.

We leaned over the edge to see a thin boy and a large, muscular man on the forest floor. The older of the two was a well-kept, armed, and nearly seven feet tall. He, like the youth, wore a suit.

The teenager, however, had pale skin, raven hair, and a cold, almost hateful expression tweaking his facial features. He was a mixture of cute vampire teen and evil genius toddler. Before I could stop it, a thought sprang into my head and forced me to laugh.

"What is so amusing?" He demanded.

"I don't think you want to know!" I shouted down to him.

"I might as well."

"An image of you in a diaper with vampire fangs popped into my head!" Waterdew and I burst into laughter.

His expression changed to one that only could mean, 'What the heck?'

"Why might I ask?"

"You should start by looking in the mirror and describing yourself."

He sighed. "Never mind. Now, could you tell me if you know anyone here with the initials R.C.?"

"R.C.? Hmm, Waterdew, do you know anyone with _those _initials?" I winked at her just in case she couldn't detect my sarcasm or understand.

"No, I don't, _Rainbowcrystle!"_ She returned.

"I suppose I should restrain myself asking what those ridiculous names means."

"You should restrain yourself from an insufferable know-it-all, it's my job!" I retorted.

"So," I continued. "Did R.C. send you an email?"

There was a connect-the-dots moment, and he laughed. Now, imagine this, laughter, but not because I came up with the funniest pun in the universe. Get my point?

"How did I not see it before?" He questioned himself.

"Because you're having delusions of fashion," I replied to his rhetorical question.

Vampire Spawn Boy glanced down at his suit. "What is wrong with my attire?"

"Everything! As long as you're wearing it, it's wrong!"

"Must you continue to insult me?"

"Yeah, are you crazy?"

"That is not wise."

"Maybe it's because I think you're cute."

"Yo-you think I'm _cute?"_

"Waterdew, this guy is D.A.D."

"D.A.D.? That's new? What does it mean? That I'm forced to deal with idiots?"

"Hey!" I screamed, using one of my school buddies sayings. "Just because we're idiots, doesn't mean we're stupid! And for your information, D.A.D. stands for 'Dumb as dirt'"

_ "Roses are red,
>Violets are blue
Dirt is dumb,
>And so are you!"

"If you continue to insult me-"

"Silence, puny male!" I interrupted, causing Celia to laugh.

"Don't make us force you into one of our cooking shows!" Celia threatened.

"I have a lawyer!" He countered.

"I am a lawyer." I retorted.

"I'm the president of the United States!" Celia yelled.

"I'm the dictator of the universe!" I added.

"Now, if you are willing to put aside your snide comments, perhaps we can have a civilized conversation?" He suggested after a few deep breaths.

"Whatever you say... Captain D.A.D.!"

He chose to ignore my comment. That might also be due to the fact that Spottedleaf emerged from the nearby undergrowth.

"Rainbowcrystle, this is no way to greet guests," she scolded.

"But he's boring! He wouldn't know fun if it hit him over the head with a stick!" I argued. "The whole point of this is to help characters, so I'm helping!"

"Yeah," Celia added. "We're showing him how to have fun!"

The boy rolled his eyes.

"Come on up by the ladder... over there."

They ascended to our level of the area with their belongings.

"Greetings," Artemis said, offering his hand.

"Welcome to planet Earth. Would you like me to change the tires on your spaceship?" I asked.

"No thank you," he smiled indulgently.

"See, there you go, he smiled, Waterdew!"

"Let's give him a gold star!"

"So, how do you know of Opal's plans?"

"Mental text messages from StarClan." That was Celia.

"I beg your pardon?"

"It's a _long _story. Look it up on FanFiction." I suggested.

"Is anyone else coming?"

Celia and I looked at each other. "A lot of people."

****Yay! Finally! I am so sorry for the wait. I've been at Broadway Camp and visiting relatives, so I haven't been able to update as much as I would like. Hopefully, I'm not boring anyone to death (it is possible) or weirding them out. Anyway, please give me some feedback if you feel it necessary. As long as you enjoy it, I'm happy! -Rainbowcrystle, the ruler of awesome, etc. ****

6. When Characters Arrive!

****Mouse dung! I told everyone that I was going to tell you what songs I was using at the end of the chapter, and I didn't! I am feeling story stress! Anyway, the song was _For Good _from the musical Wicked. I am trying to update as much as possible so keep a look-out every few (years, I mean) days or so. Remember to feel free to complain about my story if you want or need to! I am sorry for almost disappearing off the face of the Earth! I have been at rehearsal for the musical _Miss Nelson Is Missing! _I have been dragged across the world by Detective McSmogg in search of my teacher! (You kind of have to see the play to understand that one).****

****Yeees! More reviews and a favorite! Thank** you** again, Book Soldier and now Grasstar of WindClan for reviewing and Grasstar for favoring! The reason we are not fangirling right now in the story, Book Soldier, is because we're too busy annoying Artemis. There's time for that later. Thank you to everyone for your continued support and I hope you like my story. For all of you _Rise of the Guardians _fans, I have a funny idea floating around in my head involving Pitch baking cookies and a (slightly) power-crazed authoress. Look out for that soon! For now, read this! -Sincerely, R.C.****

The other characters arrived on their own time throughout the day. The characters in questions included: Artemis, Butler, Hollyleaf, Scorchfur, Sunstrike, Reedwhisker, Cherrytail, Creel, Luka, Tobin, Martha, Arya, Eragon, Shardas, Feniul, Saphira, Jared Grace, Hiccup, Toothless, Ahsoka, Anakin, Obi-wan, Captain Rex, Rapunzel, Eugene, Pascal, Katniss, Gale, Peeta, Harry Potter, Ron, Hermione, Legolas, Merry, Pippin, Gandalf, Alex, Lani, Meghan, Samheed, and Jack Frost.

While awaiting the arrival of the various people and animals, I noticed a few unusual and interesting things: one, that Rapunzel's hair had begun to grow back and grow lighter; it already reached her shoulder; two, characters are slow. The last person to show up, Jack, came at nine o' clock that night. By then, I was ready to sleep, but there was still one thing left to do.

"Hey! People! Grab a partner, and make sure you like that person, because you two are sharing a bathroom adjacent to both of your rooms," I shouted to the murmuring group. At this, they shuffled around to find their best friend, or at least someone they knew well and didn't mind dealing with. A few of the partners had just met each other.

"Now, find another pair to share a tree house with... Hey! Don't be stupid, Ron! Eugene, they already found another pair, go find your own! Quit hissing at them, Scorchfur! What did they do, steal your Halloween candy? Jared, leave Ahsoka alone, she's not a faerie or Martian! Go away, Toothless, Celia is not prey to stalk! Yeah, whatever, go hiss at a tree, I'm tired too!" Eventually, the group were determined and Waterdew was able to log the pairs and assign them a tree fort. It went like this:

House One: All Clan cats

House Two: Merry and Pippin with Legolas and Gandalf

House Three: Creel and Martha with Luka and Tobin

House Four: Lani and Meghan with Alex and Samheed

House Five: Anakin and Obi-wan with Harry and Ron

House Six: Hermione and Rapunzel with Eugene and Peeta

House Seven: Katniss and Ahsoka with Eragon and Hiccup

House Eight: Jared and Gale with Artemis and Butler

House Nine: Rainbowcrystle and Waterdew with Jack

Arya refused to take lodging in a room and instead bunked in a tree limb.

When the rooming was settled, everyone took what belongings they had brought with them and nestled into the individual houses accordingly. As they left, I yelled that schedules would be distributed in the morning. The dragons, with the exception of Toothless, who went along with Hiccup, much to the delight of his fellow characters, flew off to find their own nesting location.

Eventually, Celia and I were allowed to escape to the quiet of our own private section of the vast tree fort. When we opened the door, we were greeted by Jack.

"So, what next?" He asked.

I gave him the Where's-My-Coffee-or-I'll-Die look. I don't even know what Celia's reaction could have been. Of course, I went with the

most logical course of action. I found a thick dictionary and handed it to him.

"Memorize the entire thing by tomorrow. We have a test for you to complete in the morning," I instructed him, walking off to the entrance to Celia's room, the bathroom, and lastly my room.

* * *

><p>Waterdew and I sat in my room planning the schedule. Our decision resulted in this:<p>

8:30 a.m.: Get your butt up!

9:00 a.m.: Group one with Olivia, group two on break, group three with Celia

9:30 a.m.: Five minute transition period

9:35 a.m.: Group one with Celia, group three on break, group two with Olivia

10:05 a.m.: Five minute transition period

10:10 a.m.: Group one on break, group two with Celia, group three with Olivia

10:40 a.m.: Random dance break (just kidding)

No more schedule after that, yay!

The three groups we haggled over and nit-picked every last detail over with ended as thus:

Group One: Artemis, Butler, Luka, Tobin, Hollyleaf, Reedwhisker, Jack, Obi-wan, Gandalf, Cherrytail, Gale, Peeta, Eugene

Group Two: Scorchfur, Sunstrike, Rapunzel (Pascal), Harry, Ron, Hermione, Ahsoka, Katniss, Legolas, Alex, Lani, Rex, Anakin

Group Three: Feniul, Shardas, Toothless, Saphira, Hiccup, Eragon, Arya, Creel, Martha, Jared, Samheed, Meghan, Merry, Pippin

"Okay, now, print it out and I'll deliver it to everyone," I instruction.

My friend printed to the printing device by the computer in the tree club house, while I skipped off to retrieve it (like a (no, not a boss (look how many parenthesis marks I can fit together!)) super awesome cool person (I just did that!)) When I held the sheets in my hand, I dispensed them out to the houses, hopefully before everyone in each house went to sleep. When I returned, Celia was getting ready for bed, and I quickly joined her.

Even though I had every right to fall asleep as soon as my body came in contact with the bed, I still lay awake, pondering over tomorrow.

**As short as this chapter is, it took me a while to get it out. Sorry, to all the people who wished at any point to smack me with a

large stick. I wanted to smack me too sometimes. I hope to become a bit more in tune with this!**

7. Contests of Power (and Ice Cream)

Hi. I am a HUGE fan of Wicked, which is a musical about the Wicked Witch of the West and her back story. As it turns out, she is the true 'hero' of the story. Yes, Dorothy is not evil, but The Wizard of Oz is. He is a tyrant who mistreats the talking animals, and Elphaba (Wicked Witch) has set out to protect them, due to talking with her professor, Dr. Dillamond (I think that's how you spell it!), who is a talking animal himself. Later in the story, Elphaba, after she 'defies gravity' instead of helping the Wizard, she 'becomes' evil. She embraces the untruth that she wicked and stops trying to help people or convince people she is good. Also, in class we have been examining Frankenstein, and I noticed similarities between the monster and Elphaba. This is random, but... food for thought! Here is the next chapter!

When my eyes flew open the next morning I had an idea! But I was force to wait... and dread that I was too late! In all the excitement from the night before, I had failed to think to do this! It could have resulted in disaster, forcing me to hurt someone, and then some fan girls from a certain fandom would have hunted me to the ends of the Earth for ever considering such a thing! So, I did the most trusted 'Waking Up Your Family and Neighbors' thing ever: play music, just a bit too loudly. I hit the shuffle on my Wicked album and started singing along.

Celia burst into my room. "Olivia!" She groaned. "Turn down the music!"

"Finally!" I exclaimed. "I thought you would never wake up!" I hopped up from the bed and slipped past her.

"What are you doing?" Celia exclaimed.

"Guarding against pesky snoops!" I cackled, rushing to the door that led from Celia's room to the living room. I placed my hand against the door and closed my eyes. A cracking noise issued from the air as energy was released into the frame, molding to my will. Now, anything below room temperature that tried to pass through would be sprayed with a jet of boiling water, unless a password, 'I like ponies,' was used. I looked up and turned to a worried Celia.

"We're safe from Jack," I said as a way of explanation.

"Okaaaaaaaaaaaaaaaaay..." Waterdew muttered, crawling back into bed. "Now, let me sleep."

I left her, saying, "Today is going to be EPIC!"

All I recieved was a grunt from Celia as I entered the living space. Jack was waiting, the dictionary I gave him in hand.

"I'm done," the teenage spirit of winter declared.

"Define 'poetaster,'" I ordered.

He held up his finger, replying, "Uhm, a person who eats potatoes."
He looked at me eyebrows raised.

"You failed, sorry," I said.

"Oh, good," he sighed, handing back the book. "I stayed up drawing in it."

I tossed the dictionary onto the couch and sauntered into the kitchenette. Sliding over to fridge and swinging in open, I removed some orange juice.

Jack, who was behind me, opened the freezer and browsed the selection.

"Whoa! Ice cream!" The Guardian ejaculated, removing several tubs of the sugary goodness. I pulled out a bowl from a cabinet and put it on the counter for him.

"Thanks," he said, collecting a spoon from a drawer.

"Leave it to a guy to not eat it from the tub... especially when you can eat the whole thing!" I exclaimed.

Jack looked at me. "Oh, really? Why don't we see who can eat the most?"

"Why should we?" I teased back. "We all know who would win!"

"You?" The Spirit snorted. "Oh, please." He grinned at me.

"Yeah, me!" I replied. "Anything you could do, I could do better!"

Jack: HA!

Music starts playing and song flows from my mouth.

Me: I can do anything better than you!

Jack: No you can't!

Me: Yes I can!

Jack: No you can't!

Me: Yes I can!

Jack: No, you can't!

Me: Yes, I can, yes, I can!

Jack (hopping onto the counter and standing over me): Anything you can be, I can be greater! Sooner or later I'm greater than you!

Me: No, you're not!

Jack: Yes, I am.

Me: No, you're not!

Jack: Yes, I am!

Me (stamping foot): No, you're not!

Jack: Yes I am, yes I am! I can shoot a partridge with a single cartridge!

Me: I can get a sparrow with a bow and arrow!

Jack: I can live on bread and cheese!

Me: And only on that?

Jack: Yep!

Me: So can a rat!

Jack: Any note you can sing, I can sing higher!

Me: I can sing any higher than you!

Jack: No, you can't!

Me (higher): Yes, I can!

Jack (higher): No, you can't!

Me (higher): Yes, I can!

Jack (higher): No, you can't!

Me (highest): Yes, I can!

Jack: How do you sing that high?

Me: I'm a girl!

Jack: Anything you can say, I can say softer.

Me (softer): I can say anything softer than you!

Jack (softer): No, you can't.

Me (quietly, through my teeth): Yes, I can.

Jack (softer): No, you can't.

Me (bare mutter): Yes, I can.

Jack (softer): No, you can't.

Me (softer): Yes, I can. (Bursting out) Yes, I can!

Jack: Any note you can hold, I can hold longer.

Me: I can hold any note longer than you!

Jack: No, you can't!

Jack: No, you ca-a-a-an't!

Me: Yes, I can!

Jack: No, you can't!

Me: Yes, I can!

Jack: No, you can't!

Me: Oh, yes, I can!

Jack: No, you can't, can't, can't!

Me: Yes, I can, can, can!

Jack (simultaneously): No, you can't!

Me (simultaneously): Yes, I can!

Jack shot me a look. "I officially challenge you to an ice cream eating contest!"

"Bring it on!" I reciprocated. We raced to the freezer, flung the door open, and piled tubs of ice cream into our arms. Taking our treasure with us (and a ninja foot kick to close the door from me), we dumped it on the counter. Clawing off the lid, I dug my spoon in for a scoop. The pair of us shovelled in ice cream until Celia emerged from her room. My friend stopped at the sight of our competition.

"What are you doing?" Celia asked. "We have classes to get to."

"Classes?" Jack echoed around a mouthful of dessert-breakfast. "Why do we have to go to classes?"

"Didn't you read the sheet we sent out?" Waterdew broached.

"No," Jack replied, scooping in another bite. The Winter Spirit leaned back in the chair.

"C'mon, let's go!" Celia exclaimed.

"One second, I'm about to win this ice cream eating contest!" Jack protested. I leaned over from my empty carton and stole a scoop of Jack's!

"Hey!" The Guardian complained. "That's mine!" With that, he leaned over to raid my new carton of vanilla ice cream. "Now, we're even."

Celia groaned at our inability to do what was needed. "Guys, we're going to be late! Olivia, we can save this for later."

Jack turned to me. "Later, then?"

"Need time to avoid surrender?" I teased. "Alright."

* * *

><p>By 9:01 a.m., Group One was chattering among themselves in the

empty, clear space set aside as a gathering place on the deck system.<p>

"Okay, people, here's the shemeelio," I began. "Is everybody ready to dance?"

Murmurs of agreement trickled through the crowd. Except for Artemis Fowl, who stepped up to challenge me.

"Spare us the theatrics, please," the boy genius shouted, arms crossed. "I fail to see how these so-called 'classes' are supposed to help us, but dancing is simply ridiculous."

"Well, Artemis, that is why you fail," I reciprocated in a fairy godmotherly British tone. "Because you are stupid."

"I beg to differ! YOU are the one being utterly ridiculous, childish, and not to mention a complete waste of my time!" The Irish teenager seethed.

"Oh, Artemis, if only you knew the truth!" I exclaimed. "I AM utterly ridiculous, childish, and a complete waste of your time!"

Snickers rustled through the others. Artemis, who had been glaring in my direction, now turned his facial contempt to the rest of the group.

"Hey, Artemis," I said, more serious now. "Since you obviously like running your mouth and being in the spotlight, why don't you sing 'Thriller' for us?"

The genius's expression dilated to an expression somewhere within the realm of confusion and panic. "Sing? Why on Earth would I have a reason to sing some worthless song for you?"

Jack stepped forward, parting the crowds. "Hey, chill out, this is supposed to be fun! If you won't sing, I will."

Artemis turned on Jack. The boy genius began to scan the Winter Spirit. "Hm, typical teenage fool, I suppose?" The Irish teenager caught sight of Jack's staff. "Ah, trying to play tough by carrying a big stick?"

"Uh, Artemis?" I tensed. "I wouldn't egg him on..."

"Do you want to see what I can do... with this stick?" Jack challenged, a mock curious expression on his face. He waved the stick in the genius's face, which was as stormy and powerful as ever.

"I SHALL NOT stand to be threated!" Artemis thundered.

"Then why won't you sit?" I said, gesturing to a nonexistent chair.

Butler stepped forward, without a word, between the bickering teens. Jack appeared unimpressed, while the boy genius's eyes narrowed into triumphant hatred. "Well, Jack, would you fight my old friend, Butler, here?" Artemis inquired, gloating.

"Hey, guys, if you haven't noticed, we have stuff to do!" I

fussed.

That stifled the rage, though it did not calm it. The rest of the class went well enough, with Jack physically proving 'anything Artemis can do, I can do better!' and Left Foot Fowl managing to nail a few dance movements. The three groups rotated through their cycle of classes, earning themselves the right to lunch, which was herded onto the deck by most of the inhabitants of the tree fortress.

The air and weather were pleasant... merry, even. The sun shone bright and the temperature hovered right above 80 degrees. Celia and I had a spread out towel on the deck, where we munched on sandwiches, kettle cooked chips, and watermelon.

"How did swimming go?" I interrogated my friend. She wore dry shorts and a t-shirt, but was barefoot. Her hair dripped down her back. I, too, wore similar attire, hadn't even touched a pair of shoes in days.

Celia swallowed. "It was so much fun! We all pushed each other in the water, swam around, went on a rope swing...! I even got to push Artemis and Jack in at the same time! Although before we began I had to make the water unfreezable. I wish you were there!"

"Me too!" I agreed. "Artemis was being a smart aleck, so I tried to get him to sing 'Thriller.' It was an epic fail."

We laughed as she commented, "I bet it was!"

Jack, Harry, and Jared joined us, toting plates with mincemeat pie, pizza, or ice cream. I spotted Artemis, Luka, Butler, and Tobin in a nearby clump. Butler and Tobin looked like they were discussing weaponry or bodyguard stuff, while Artemis and Luka were arguing over something (probably) stupid. Artemis caught me staring, so I sent an evil wink his way.

"Can you two come to Hogwarts and replace Professor Snape?" Harry begged.

Celia chuckled, replying, "maybe." I, opposingly, answered, "I'll have to check me schedule."

"Celia, how did you keep that lake from freezing?" Jack inquired.

"Google it," Waterdew said.

"Hey, what's up?" Jared greeted me, striking up a conversation.

"Ah, not much. You?"

"Ah, nothin' much. Just told Santa exists."

"His name is North, actually," Jack cut in.

"Oh, yes, it would appear your facts are incorrect, my friend," Artemis chided, intruding upon the conversation. "The myth of Santa Claus was not from the actions of a Turkish priest, but a elf king named San D'Klass. One of the People. His view was, 'give to humans, and they will be less greedy.' A failure, no doubt."

Jack shot up to his feet. "Whoa there! North is NOT a little fairy man! He's big and uses two swords!"

"Oh, yes, I'm sure you know all about that," Artemis sneered, his tone dry. "And I suppose you are good friends with the Easter Bunny and pen pals with the Tooth Fairy?"

"That would be SO AWESOME," I interrupted. "Oo! And have Pitch be my slave-minion!"

Celia and Jack burst into laughter. "What? Are you serious?" Jack chuckled, looking at me almost mischevously. Artemis, meanwhile, frowned like the disapproving parent. Jack turned back to smirk at Artemis. "Actually, that's pretty close to the truth."

"Yeah, Artemis," I added. "Don't you think San D'Klass could be a part of Christmas time legends?"

The genius raised an eyebrow in surprise and contemplation.
"Perhaps..."

If he planned to say anything else, he didn't have the chance. At that moment, chaos struck.

"Dearest, Darlingest Momsy and Popsicle," Rapunzel began, speaking aloud what she wrote on paper. The girl paced the deck near Eugene with Pascal on her shoulder.

Nearby, Hermoine rolled her eyes and started her own letter home. "My dear parents..."

Music sprang up as they slipped into song. "There's been some confusion over rooming at here in the trees."

"But of course I'll care for Eugene!"

"But of course, I will rise above it!"

They both joined together again. "For I know that's how you want me to respond... yes. There's been some confusion for you see my roommate is..."

"Unusually and exceedingly peculiar and altogther quite impossible to discribe!"

"Blonde."

The music became more than mild accompaniment, blowing up into full song.

RAPUNZEL: What is this feeling, so sudden and new?

HERMIONE: I felt the moment I laid eyes on YOU.

RAPUNZEL: My pulse is rushing.

HERMIONE: My head is realing.

RAPUNZEL: My face is flushing.

HERMIONE, RAPUNZEL, ARTEMIS, and JACK: What is this feeling fevid as a flame? Does it have a name? Yes! Loathing, unadulterated loathing!

ARTEMIS: For your face!

JACK: Your voice.

ARTEMIS: Your clothing!

BOTH: Let's just say, "I loathe it all!"

ALL FOUR: Every little trait however small make my very flesh begin to crawl with simple, utter loathing! There's a strange exhilaration in such total detestation! It's so pure, so strong! Though I do admit it came on fast, still I do believe that it can last! And I will be loathing, loathing you my whole life long!

The friends (including me and Celia) backed up their buddies singing, joining in all at once.

BUTLER: Dear Artemis you are just too good!

CELIA and I: Jack, you are just too good!

RON and HARRY: Hermione, you are just too good!

Eugene: Dear Rapunzel, you are just too good!

ALL FRIENDS: How do you stand it? I don't think I could? He's/she's a terror, he's/she's a tartar! We don't mean to show a bias but, Artemis/Jack/Hermione/Rapunzel, you're a martyr!

The enemies glared at their opponents.

FRIENDS: Poor, Artemis/Jack/Hermione/Rapunzel forced to reside for someone so disgusting, can't fight! We just want to tell you, we're all on your side! We share you loathing...!

FOUR: What is this feeling, so sudden and new?

FRIENDS: ... unadulterated loathing!

FOUR: I felt the moment I laid eyes on you!

FRIENDS: For her/his face, her/his voice, her/his clothing!

FOUR: My pulse is rushing...

FRIENDS: Let's just say..

FOUR: My head is reeling!

FRIENDS: We loathe it all!

FOUR: Oh, what is this feeling?

FRIENDS: Every little trait however small makes their very flesh begin to crawl...

FOUR: Does it have a name?

ALL: YES! AH-AH!

FOUR: Loathing!

FRIENDS: Loathing!

FOUR: There's a strange exhilaration...

FRIENDS: Loathing!

FOUR: ... in such total detestation!

FRIENDS: Loathing!

FOUR: It's so pure, so strong!

FRIENDS: So strong!

ALL: Though I do admit it came on fast, still I do believe that it can last! And I will be loathing, for forever loathing, truly, deeply loathing YOU! My whole life long! (Loathing, unadulterated loathing!)

The final bit of music played, and Celia, Jack, and I all had one thought in common...

"BOO!"

A chorus of shrieks paired with a wave of jumping terror victims. The three of us grinned, until I realized what this whole thing meant.

"Guys," I whispered. "How are we ever going to get everyone to work together?"

Hallelujah, praise the Lord! I FINALLY finished this chapter! I have not had much time to work because of school! Uhg! Many apologies to my readers! Have a virtual hug! I will work towards updating a bit faster!

8. Nightmare Attack!

Welcome back! (Jack, stop trying to give Artemis a wedgy!) Those two, honestly... Anyways, Behold! The next chapter!

***Loki pops out of nowhere* **

Me: WHAT THE CRAP!？

Loki: Ha ha! Mewling-

Me: YOU PUT YOUR HAMMER IN, YOU TAKE YOUR HAMMER OUT! YOU PUT YOUR HAMMER AND BASH IT ALL ABOUT! YOU DO THE LOKI POKI AND YOU TURN YOURSELF AROUND! AND THAT'S WHAT IT'S ALL ABOUT!

Loki disappears, irritated

****So, yeah, sorry you had to see that... ****

****The two songs of the previous chapter were (in order) 'Anything You Can Do' from the musical Annie, Get Your Gun (1999 version) and 'What is This Feeling?' from Wicked.****

After lunch, most of the household groups retreated into their individual tree houses, avoiding their opponents. Celia and I exchanged an anxious discussion of our next move.

"We need something that can alleviate some of the tension," I reasoned. "Maybe a friendly competition?"

"Yeah, if we could get an organized sport together, maybe we can select teams of the people that are arguing to work together," Waterdew agreed.

"No," Jack said, turning on us. "I will never work with Artemis. He's a jerk! And so... stuck up!" The Winter Spirit strangled an imaginary Artemis.

"Jack," I sighed, grabbing his hand and pulling him along. "Don't worry about Fartemis. Help us get everyone to cooperate, please. You have a knack for uniting people."

"How do you know about that?" Jack inquired, eyebrow raised.

Internally, I cringed and panicked. I will not be a stalker.

"Spottedleaf told us a bit about everyone here, so we could know how to, you know, deal with specific situations and know everyone's strengths and weaknesses," I lied.

Jack nods. "Makes sense." The teenagers pondered for a few moments while we returned to the living room couch, where we plopped down to chat. "Soooo... a friendly competition, eh? Looks like you came to the right person!" Jack crowed. "The solution is simple: you have a bigger version of what we were doing, Olivia: an ice cream eating contest!"

Celia and I burst into excitement. "That's the best idea ever, Jack!" I exclaimed. "And the best part is... I'M GONNA WIN!"

"HAHAHA, YOU WISH!" Jack shouted back.

"TOO BAD YOU WON'T HAVE ANY ROOM AFTER WE'RE DONE TO EAT YOUR WORDS, ICE PRINCESS!" I taunted back.

"YEAH, WELL, TOO BAD YOU CAN'T SCREAM LOUDER THAN I CAN, MIDGET!" Jack retorted.

"HEY! I'M ONLY A FEW INCHES SHORTER THAN YOU AND BASICALLY CELIA'S HEIGHT! AND ABOUT THE SCREAMING THING: YOU WANNA BET ON THAT, PRINCESS?" I challenged, grinning.

"YEAH!"

"I BET YOU ONE HARD SLAP UPSIDE THE FACE THAT I CAN SCREAM LOUDER THAN YOU!"

"OKAY! STOP! We're trying to work together, remember?" Celia interrupted.

"This is working together," I said. "We're agreeing." I made a motion with both my hands to signify the relationship of our slap bet. Jack nodded sagely. Waterdew rolled her eyes at me and the Guardian. "You guys are weirdos," she snorted. "Jack, I never thought I'd meet someone as goofy as Olivia. But now I know you."

"Because she already knows herself," I explained to Jack.

"I see," he agreed.

This, of course, would have annoyed and flustered anyone of a lesser awesomeness, but my friend WAS a goober too, so she smiled good naturedly. "Whatever... so, ice cream eating contest?" Waterdew broached. "What are we doing about that?"

"We gather up some fools," I laughed, trying to conceal it and motioning with my hands as I spoke. "Get some icy cream products, and let Olivia win the competition!"

"Alright, you're gonna win, whatever," Jack rolled his eyes. "But we still don't know how to get that stick-in-the-mud, Artemis, to join in!"

"Yeah, and what if someone else doesn't want to do it?" Celia added.

"'Cause they're on a diet?" I scoffed. We all smiled. "Yeah, well, they can run a marathon if they feel inclined, but we're havin' a flippin' ice cream eating contest!"

"Okay, Olivia, calm down," Waterdew instructed. "How are going to tell people about it? Or get them to all do it?"

"Well, I guess we could..." I gasped. "We'll make it into a 'lesson' in my class!"

"Great, we're settled," Jack said with a grin.

* * *

><p>My evening was spent playing video and board games with Celia, Jack, Ahsoka, Jared, Harry, Ron, Hiccup, Creel, and Marta. Obviously, Jack and I had to have a friendly little competition while playing my favorite game, LittleBigPlanet, so we entered ourselves into the rocket launcher level and began blowing each other up. We tied in the end, so I slapped his sackboy character while we watched the results. Repeatedly.<p>

"How do you do that!?" He screeched, pressing buttons while I smirked.

"I'll never tell."

"Jack, shut up. I'm trying to think!" Groaned Hiccup, who rubbed his

face. He and Ron played wizards' chess. I assumed he was losing.

"Wanna play the Chick Flick level?" I asked Jack.

"Uh, sure?"

"It has nothing to do with romantic comedies."

"Okay."

"You bash your opponent into the wall and blow them up!"

"Sweet."

Our group messed around afterwards, playing games and eating pizza, french fries, and salads for supper. I really enjoyed the whole, thing, laughing, joking, chillin'... but I wouldn't want to bore you. The real adrenaline rush came later in the evening.

After the others who didn't reside in Tree House number nine retreated to their own rooms for a good night's shut eye, the three of us- Jack, Celia, and I- sat on the couch, trying to figure out if going to bed was worth it. I heard a muffled scream echo in the trees. I jumped, half in surprise, to my feet. Next thing my mind processed was flinging open the door and sprinting out to find the source of that girly scream. Jack skidded up beside me with Celia a moment behind.

Our trio stood in a clump, squinting at shadows around the deck, straining to catch a glimpse of something that could give us a hint as to where the cry of some ambiguous negative emotion emerged from. Another yelp, this time a more distinctive "Help!" arose from House Eight: the house of Jared, Gale, Artemis, and Butler.

I lunged into a run towards the building. I heard Jack screech, "Nightmares!" while sounds of the Guardian shooting icy blasts at the terrors. Celia yelped and must have been fighting them off, because I heard a brief noise of grunts and struggling before I burst into the house. The rooms were silent, but tense. I whirled around, trying to decide which room to enter, until another "Help!" signaled the one on the left. I smacked into a hard, locked door. Pausing only to be frustrated, I laid my palm on the door, concentrating, until it melted. I stepped through the smallish hole, ninja-style. I raced past the hulking figure obscured by nightmare sand, who was thrashing in its sleep in favor of the next room.

Artemis sat upright in bed, while nightmare sand cycloned around him, and Pitch loomed over him, smiling like the devil. I stumbled to a halt.

"Hey, Pitch, why don't you pick on someone your own size!" I yelled cliquishly.

The Nightmare King turned with a sickeningly ominous speed towards me. "And you might fit THAT requirement?" He sneered.

"Nah, I meant a supermodel," I reciprocated, appearing nonchalant.

After a pause of annoyance, the boogeyman grinned nastily once again. "Arty here doesn't believe in me, but maybe I could convince him otherwise? Maybe all it takes is a little fear, eh, Olivia?"

"Yeah, and maybe, all it takes for you to go away is the power of belief!" I shouted back, a plot forming in my mind.

Pitch laughed a dry, hard, "Ha!" "What a funny little girl you are! You honestly believe in the GUARDIANS!?"

"YES!" I crowed, triumphant. "And I ALSO believe that YOU-" I pointed accusingly at the madman. "- hold no power over me... or anyone here, for that matter, as long as they are under MY protection!" Pitch's eyes narrowed in confusion, searching me for an explanation.

"Yes," I answered as if he had asked, tilting my head towards him. "I believe you hold no power over me. And by doing so, do not GIVE you any power over me."

"Well," he countered, mocking impression. "You certainly seemed to have figured it out!"

"Begone!" I cried, probably making it more dramatic than I should have. "No one likes you anyway!"

"As you wish," Pitch replied, bowing low. He, along with his minions and sand, melting back into the shadows, disappearing.

I shook my head. Artemis stared at me blinking as his scientific brain analyzed the events. I saluted the genius and sprinted back out the way I came. Jack and Celia slammed into me as I emerged.

"What happened?" Jack demanded, yanking me to my feet.

"I met Pitch," I responded, brushing myself off.

"What happened?" The Guardian repeated.

"I think I broke his brain!" I beamed.

Yay! Pitch can go for some therapy now! (Shut up, back there, you know you need it anyways!) So, yeah, hope you enjoyed this little bit! Hopefully mkre will be forthcoming soon. Positive feedback appreciated!

9. SNOW DAAAAAAAY!

Jack: What am I doing?

Me: Give our readers a shout out, Jack!

Jack: *grimacing* Why? Most of them either hate me or are completely obsessed with me!

Me: Or they don't know who you are.

Jack: WHAT? I AM LYRICS IN A POPULAR CHRISTMAS SONG AND HAVE BEEN IN SEVERAL MOVIES! WHY DOES NO ONE BELIEVE IN ME!?!

****Me: Hey! I believe in you!****

****Jack: But you're annoying sometimes and also believe in Pitch!****

****Me: You're also annoying, and what's the point of believing in you if I pretend Pitch doesn't exist? That would be ignorant. Now, shout out, please!****

****Jack: Okay, okay, I'll do it! Hi, readers! Believe in Jack Frost, and you'll get free ice cream! ****

****Me: I am not endorsing this.****

****Jack: Hey, Liv, this chapter is really boring. Can you just skip to part where it snows?****

****Me: Yeah. Sure.****

****Jack: Oh, good! *flys off*****

****Me: *rolls eyes*****

****Alright! So, in response to SootyRiddle's question, are you sure it's wise to put ME in charge of ANYBODY? And as for Peeta and Gale, I'm sure one of them is going to barf their breakfast, so...****

****Yeah.****

The next morning, I lugged carton upon carton of ice cream in billions of flavors to my teaching space, the location of yesterday's lesson. By the time everyone arrived for class, I had set up a stack of bowls, spoons, and tubs of ice cream. Many people glanced at the set-up with either curiosity or disgusted uncertainty. I grinned.

"You know what this means! Ice cream eating contest!" I exclaimed, thrusting my arms into the air. "So, everyone regret those 14 pancakes you had this morning, grab a spoon and bowl, and prepare to barf!"

"Barf?" Artemis echoed, distraught. "I will do not such thing, nor will I eat teeth-rotting mush!"

"Okay," I reciprocated, pondering the best blackmail tool I had. "If you don't, I will have Jack freeze the water pipes in your tree fort!"

"That's not fair!" Gale blurted. "We have to suffer, too!"

"Artemis, just do it," Jared moaned. "You don't have to win! Just eat a bowl of ice cream, and say you had a huge breakfast!"

"Well, I'm starting to doubt who's the genius here," I remarked. "That's a good idea! And, Gale, if you beat up Arty over aforementioned blackmail, 10 points to Griffandor!"

"Fine, I'll play your silly little games," Artemis conceded, his aura

becoming more of one losing a battle to win a battle. "But know this: those who show their face where they are not welcome, do not find smiling faces."

I threw him the THAT'S-INTERESTING look before snarking, "Wow, you should copyright that one! Go join the theatre, Arty."

"Why?" He inquired, distaste evident.

"Be-CAUSE. You're acting like a melodramatic diva! And this is coming from the hyper theater kid!" I exclaimed, tossing my hands up every where to prove my point. "Now, everyone grab a tub of ice cream and a spoon and start shovelling it in your faces!" I walked away, submersing my brain in the general group.

Once the general public had acquired their ice cream, found a comfortable spot, and poised themselves to begin, I yelled, "Whoever eats the most, wins! Goooooooooooo!"

I hunched over my horde of cartons just the barest hint to angle myself perfectly- not enough to disturb my body alignment and cause creeks in my neck, yet a subtle plenty to minimize my carton-to-mouth transition. Digging my spoon into the soften dairy treat, I began my perilous quest to kick Jack's butt! (Celia would like to add that that is her job, not mine).

All too soon, I felt post-meal obesity weigh in my stomach. I decided on a glance around, cracking my focus on butt-kicking, to see who had past their food consumption limit. Jared, Gale, Jack (surprise, surprise...), Gandalf, Eugene, and myself clung to their ability to gulp down more ice cream. I decided that speed eating was the best strategy- it takes 20 minutes for the body to realize it's full. This competition was about HOW MANY cartons you could eat. Therefore, the more I ate, the closer I was to victory. At that moment, it connected in my brain that bowls were a stupid, pointless idea.

Tapping into my adrenaline and natural hyperactivity, I plowed on at warp speed.

When I felt my stomach start to tighten, I strained another glance at the last person in my way- naturally, it was Jack. The Guardian caught my look and grinned at me, somewhat reassuring, somewhat amused. I sacrificed a moment towards victory to stick my tongue out at the Guardian. My endurance waned, and my brain signalled for me to stop. Curse my lack of appetite! It seemed Jack would be able to eat forever. I attempted to polish off my last carton of ice cream, but, heck with it all, I collapsed onto my back with a groan.

Jack raised his fists into the air, mouth full of dairy product as he stood in victory.

"Wait a sec, Ice Princess," I shouted. "How many cartons did you finish?"

"Four?" The Guardian replied, pointing a look of perplexity down to me on the floor.

"HA!" I shouted. "HA! HA! I WIN! I ATE FOUR AND A BITE OF A CARTON!" I cackled. "IN YOUR FACE!"

"Dang. You," Jack hissed, causing me to laugh. "Stop laughing, Liv!"

"Jack, I'm already alive and living, thank you," I stated broadly with snotty British accent. "And laughing never killed anyone. It increases you life by several days every 15 seconds you laugh."

The Winter Spirit looked flustered, confused and not sure how to respond. "Uh-um, what?" His face insisted an explanation, while his voice held stuttered pauses of confusion. "Why do you suddenly have a weird, British accent? You sound like Pitch with a cold!"

"I am Pitch with a cold!" I declared, raising half an arm to gesture towards Jack. That came out more like Julia Child's voice. What is with my mind and it changing my dialect on a whim of its own? The universe may never understand. (You see, here I am shaking my head, but, alack! you cannot, so I must tell you so!)

Jack began to stumble into a full-fledged laugh, but caught himself in its titter stage with a fist over his lips. "What...?" He gaffawed. "I have no idea what you are... you always..."

"Leave you..." I paused for the standard dramatic flourish, struck a pose that would have shamed a dorky mother attempting to be cool, and finished with an airy, "... breathless?"

"Yeah," Jack agreed with a titter, kicking his staff into a somersault, catching it in a single hand. "Breathless, alright." The Guardian rolled his eyes, and then refocused the spotlight onto me, using only the power of his icy, teal-blue eyes. "So, whatda we do, now?"

I made a snort-like noise in the back of my throat as I began to crack up over the idea of being able to shape-shift and use that ability to pretend to be a bunch of people at once. Before I could even begin to develop the idea, Artymis cleared his throat, addressing us with a, "If you two are finished embarrassing yourselves, I believe I have other plans to attend to. Is there any way I could be excused from any further mishaps?"

I sauntered over to the boy genius, wrapping an arm around his neck and leading him 'down stage,' tsk-tsk-ing, "Arty, Arty! I can't believe you would want to LEAVE us! I am wounded! Join us for MORE shenanigans! What could possibly be more important than wasting time?"

The Irish criminal mastermind scowled, removing my arm from his neck. "I have plans, Olivia! I cannot waste my precious life away over-consuming sweets and twiddling my thumbs as we sit idly doing nothing! I do not WAIT for my enemies to make the first move! I plan! THAT is how you win a battle. Not like this." He gestured to Gale retching over the side of the tree fort.

"Now," Artemis continued. "If you will excuse me, I have business to attend to." Then, the criminal mastermind strode off, calling Butler to his heels.

"Party pooper," I muttered, searing the back of his head with a demon's glare. I sensed a presense behind me, only to find Jack's fresh icy grip on my shoulder. "He's just sore he lost," Jack

comforted me.

"Thanks, Jack," I beamed, instantly brightened and curiously relieved by his presense. "For whatever reason, I feel like dressing up in awesome battle clothes, grabbing some Nerf guns, and shooting people. Are ya with me?"

"Yeah!" The Guardian cheered, fists in the air. "Let's go!"

I whooped, calling our brethren to arms. "All ye who wisheth to shoot thy neighbor with thy holy Nerf gun in their buttocks, follow me!" To help emphasize my point, Jack let loose a mighty "RAAAAAAAAAAAAAAH!"

"YEAAAAH!" I reciprocated, offering my fist for a fist bump, which was met with his and an 'explosion.' The two of us were getting along just fine. If only everyone were so tolerant at the least. Cough, cough, Arty! Cough!

"Let's RUMBLE!" I yelled, leading the charge towards battle clothes, Nerf guns, and victory!

* * *

><p>The fight lasted the remainder of the period, with a Hunger Games sort of mindset. It was a free for all- anyone could pair up with whoever they liked, but if you died, you suck, loser! Survival of the fittest! No weapons or abilities other than Nerf guns and plastic lightsabers were allowed.<p>

Jack and I teamed up, and I felt confident in him not stabbing me in the back. We secured an easily climbed tree as our base, which could be used to escape the eye of an opponent and ambush them. We met several groups and an individual or two, all of which were defeated. The only problem we ran into was Gale, Peeta, and Eugene. I had a rare and random muscle twitch that plagues me when I attempt to stay stone-still disrupt a limb. The slight quiver of leaves sent the bickering group into observant silence.

"Did you hear that?" Gale mouthed to the others.

"No" Eugene sassed. "It was probably just the wind. Honestly, you are more jumpy than Rapunzel the first time she left her tower."

"I swear I heard something," the hunter insisted, raising a hand to pause the group's movement.

Jack bit his lip, releasing electric blue tendrils of ice behind Gale. The teenager smiled, his head tilting up slowly, a millimeter ahead of his counterparts.

"S'up?" I greeted them, flicking my chin upwards. I shot Gale with a foam Nerf bullet while Jack double-pegged Eugene and Peeta in their foreheads with his gun.

"You died!" I observed with a secretary's smile.

"Uh, I HATE this game," Peeta grumbled. "Do we need to do something else?"

"Fake die, duh!" I shouted.

Peeta let loose a guttural croak, crumpling to the ground. Gale sort of lay down quietly, while Eugene clutched his heart, staggering into nearby trees, wailing, "Oh! My poor heart! Alas! Ne'er more shall I catch a glimpse of the light of day, nor my fair Rapun-" until Jack cut him off with another foam bullet to the head. "Really?" He quibbled, dropping his stage falsities. While they glared for a moment at each other, I shoot Peeta and Gale in the buttocks.

"Alright," Eugene relented, raising his palms in surrender. "I'll die." He sat down in his posterior and "perished."

"All hail Jack and Olivia!" Jack roared, raising his Nerf guns into the air.

"Team WildFrost!" I whooped.

I leapt down from the branch I sat in. Grinning, I turned back to Jack, who still lounged in his limb and called up to him. "Jackunzel! Jackunzel! Let down your hair!"

"Ohhh," the Winter Spirit said, sobering. His head rolled at the lead of his eyes as he floated upwards to balance along the tapering branch. "So I'm Rapunzel now? Does this mean you're Eugene?"

"Excuse me?" The man interjected, bolting up. "Who is me?"

Before Jack could reply, I said, "I think it's time for you guys to switch groups. I have more groups to unite through the power of ice cream!" I raised my fist mightily.

"Oh, thank God," Eugene groaned, sitting up and getting to his feet. The other two young men followed suit, ready to be away from all the crazy competitions and yelling teenagers. The five of us trekked back to the decks, discussing important matters, such as Nerf guns, where all of the other defeated players were standing on the balcony. I took a head-count to find Artymis missing, along with the faithful Butler.

"Anyone seen our little genius?" I shouted above the slight murmur of the waiting crowd. "Arty's missing!"

"I'm right here, Miss Olivia," the cool, crisp voice came, but with no body to match it to. "Olivia? Come down here!" It ordered, sending a shudder through my whole frame. My internal knowing sensed that something suspicious was lurking around our fort.

"I'm coming!" I groaned as if I knew nothing unusual might occur. I leaned closer to Jack (who, too, leaned closer), hissing, "Come with me- I need you for back-up!"

"Is something wrong?" The Guardian whispered back. "I'm comin', but why are you worked up over it? He probably forgot where the ladder is and is too stupid to find it again."

"Lazy, not stupid. Not to burst your bubble, but Arty dear is a criminal mastermind. He may be annoying, but you must NEVER underestimate him. Or anyone. Clear?"

"Sir, yes sir!" Jack agreed, saluting, but half-mockingly. "Alright, let's move!"

The Spirit leapt over the railing, and then used the wind to steady his fall. I got the super awesome exit- the ladder. I lowered myself down the camouflaged ravel, cursing Jack for probably attacking Artemis for no apparent reason. Other than the fact they hated each other.

When my feet touched the surface, I whirling around, searching for Jack, Artemis, or Butler. "Guys, what the Dark Forest? Where are you doofuses?"

"We're over here, Olivia!" Jack yelled, alerting me to their position.

I shoved through several bushes to find Jack, Artemis, and Butler standing in a loose circle around an obscured object. I stepped in to get a clearer view of the thing. It was a basket of "gifts" from everyone's favorite people; it contained one stanky white rose, a gilded heart-shaped box with Arty's full name, a miniature Twilight (the space ship, not the books), a vial of shimmery black sand, a golden dragon scale, a garden snake in a jar, a dead, magical creature most likely from Artemis, and Scourge's collar of teeth and claw bones. Jack knelt to examine the sand, while Artemis gingerly grasped for the box.

"I would like to examine the contents, but I feel as if Opal left me weapons in the place of what seems to be... sweets?" The genius half-chuckled, sending a pointed look to Jack.

"Pitch sent us some nightmares," the Guardian joked back, shaking the vial. "He must miss you."

"So this is their gift basket?" I asked, a little dumbstruck. "They know Christmas is in December, right? And my birthday was months ago."

"I know why they sent it," Arty declared.

"To send a message," I concluded. "Each of these items represents something meaningful to the enemy of each villain."

"Correct," Artemis said with a approving nod. "Although, I am uncertain of my, eh, "present."" He turned it over in his hands. "I guess Opal likes chocolates?"

I wanted to correct the Irish adolescent. Opal craved truffles (and revenge) not just mere chocolates! But the rules of time-travel and all that crap had to be held up, blah, blah, blah, so I just nodded like he was the smart person.

"Okay, should we show anyone else?" Jack broached.

"Yeah," I blurted, an idea sizzling in my cranium. "We show them that our enemies want to intimidate us, but that we do not approve! Let's send them a message back!"

"What?" The Winter Spirit inquired, his face alive.

"Underwear!" I growled. The two boys looked like I had went from sober to not in several seconds. "They want to send us this crap of theirs, we give 'em something base, rude, and childish! A basket of underwear sounds fitting!"

"Ah, would... would it be clean underwear?" Arty questioned, appearing rather uncomfortable. I almost flat-out laughed, but managed to contain my amusement into a smile.

"Uh, no, not really," I replied. "But maybe not underwear with stains or whatever. I'm going for a shock factor, here, not 'ew-what-is-on-this-garment-of-clothing?' factor."

Beside me, Jack's composure was splintering into laughter. A glare from Artymis stifled it, but only by replacing the Spirit's humor for anger. I bit my lip to keep cool, but the thought of gift-wrapping used underwear for a bunch of villains made me smile.

"Alright, you guys get your butts to your next class. I'll get this together," I instructed, then shot Arty a gun finger. "Hey, thanks for telling me about this. This is important. Now, get moving!"

I grabbed the basket to take up to the deck, chomping down on its wicker handle to carry up the ladder in my teeth. The two humans followed me while Jack used the winds to propel himself back to the deck. I allowed the three males to wander off to wherever they needed to be while I returned to House 9 for more ice cream. As the next two groups rotated in, I continued the competitions, but sat them out. In the second group, Ron scarfed down seven tubs of ice cream and Pippin inhaled a whopping ten cartons in the third group. They would have whooped Jack's and my buttocks. Hard. With a metal spoon.

Instead of eating lunch on the deck with everyone else, I munched a nibble while I arranged a large-sized wicker basket with a silken cloth. I dumped all of my used undies into the base, wrapped the silk over it, and tied a oversized ribbon to the handle. I felt a lick of pride in my handiwork, and honestly, truly, deeply hoped the villains would appreciate my reciprocation of their gesture.

"LivvyLivvyLivvy!" Celia chanted my nickname as she rushed into the kitchenette. Her apparel was shocking- a large, olive-green coat, black leggings, and dark, tall boots. Why was she dressed for winter?

Celia snatched my shoulders into her chilly grip. "You have to come outside! Quick! Put on a coat and stuff and let's go!"

"O-okay," I stuttered as she twirled me around and began shoving me towards our rooms. "I can-"

"No time for blabbering like you usually do!" Waterdew yelped, giving a final push towards my magical wardrobe.

As we discovered, the wardrobes functioned in the way the refrigerators did, but with clothes: whatever you enjoyed wearing or wanted to try wearing, it appeared when you swung open the doors.

Therefore, when I opened the wooden doors, the contents contained awesome winter gear that I liked. I stripped down to my undies, pulled on a bright red, long-sleeved shirt, draped a dark gray Sherlock Holmes-style cloak over it (with a black jewel fasten in the middle), black leggings, wooly socks, short, black, lace-up boots, a black newspaper boy hat, and these cool, red gloves with the tips of the fingers cut off and a detachable finger cover connected by a sparkling jewel.

I swaggered out to meet Celia again, saying, "Um, what's going on?"

"I'll show you!" Waterdew exclaimed, snatching my hand and dragging me outside.

The crystal blue skies had grayed, and the clouds sprinkled fluffy, white snowflakes to the already whitening forest floor. A silence from usual birdsong and rustling of the green leaves hung in the cold air. And the air itself was crisp and raw to inhale, forcing my lungs to gulp in more than it had been moments ago. I stared at the slap in the face from Jack Frost.

"Hey, guys! Whaddya think? Do you like the snow I made?"

Speak of that devil.

"Of course, Jack! But what the Dark Forest!?" I ranted, facing the spooked Spirit. "What about all the plants and animals in these woods?" I lunged for his shoulders, my eyes widening. "Think of all those poor, innocent foxes and deer... and-"

"Um, Olivia?" The Guardian interrupted, taking my hands in his. "They'll be fine. This happens all the time." He straightened up, releasing the freezing cold on my hands.

"You kill innocent animals?" I shrieked.

"No! Of course not!" Jack appeared disgusted, then returned to his usual chill. "They know how to survive. Besides-!" -he brightened dramatically, eyes sparkling like frost in the dawn's pale sunlight- "-now we can have a snow day!"

"But-" I protested.

"Hey, it was raining," Jack explained, growing annoyed. "I saw a snow day as an improvement." The Guardian stepped back, gesturing broadly. "And look at it! It's so awesome! ... not to pat myself on the back or anything."

"Hey, Jack? Have you ever wondered what my favorite season is?" I asked.

He leaned towards me, eyes gleaming. "It's winter, I knew it!"

I made a awkward, siren-y noise, turning my eyes to the ground behind me.

"Actually, it's summer."

I think I heard Jack swear under his breath.

I returned my gaze to him, uncomfortable. "Yeah, but I love the snow. I think the reason I like summer better is because we have such GREAT summers. It's not like I live away from the equator. Our summers last from April to September, which is pretty awesome if you like swimming... which I do."

"Hm," Jack grunted, unconvinced. "What's so great about summer? It's hot, buggy, and there's no snow! How can you have a snowball fight with snow?"

"You could just have a water fight," I countered, shrugging my shoulders. "Water balloons, some squirt guns, and a hose. Do you know how much fun it is to hit your neighbor and enemy with a balloon to the crotch and run around screaming that he wet his pants?"

The Guardian broke- I got him to chuckle.

"Alright, alright, maybe summer isn't THAT bad!" He snickered. "But only if you're there to show me the ropes."

I grinned. "Well, let's see. What's summer?"

"A really hot season," the Winter Sprite answered.

"No quite. Summer..."

Summer

Is running through the sprinklers in your T-shirt, shoes, and jeans

Rolling

Down a grassy hill

Yeah, that's what summer means to me

It's true!

There's so much more to do!

The days are longer,

The nights are shorter,

The sun is shining,

It's noticeably warmer!

It's summer!

Every single moment is worth its weight in gold

Summer!

It's like the world's best story,

And it's waiting to be told

It's ice cream cones and cherry soda dripping down your chin

It's summer,

Man, where do we begin?

I smiled in my slight embarrassment. Did I burst into song, again?
This was awesome!

"This is the third time that's happened," Jack noted, studying my face. "Why is everyone, including me, singing? I don't know _ any _of these songs!" He chuckled.

"Weeeell, let's just SAY-" I wrapped an arm around the Guardian's shoulders. "-that I placed a magical enchantment on everyone, causing them to burst into sudden song and dance when emotionally aroused."

Jack's eyes narrowed slightly and his brow scrunched up as he gawked in thought towards the ground. "I think that's cool? But I'm not sure why you did that?" He finally said.

"I'm a hopeless theater kid," I explained. "Particularly when it comes to musicals. My current obsession is _Once._"

"Oh, okay. That makes more sense," the spirit said, nodding as the facts clicked into place. "So, it's fun for you to make us into a musical?"

"Does it bother you?" I asked, feeling smaller. "I could remove it or edit it if it makes you uncomfortable."

"I like it," he confirmed, looking at me, nonchalant. "If it makes you happy, go ahead! It's not like I sound terrible when I've sang!"

"Oh, goodie!" I chirped, giving a dorky hop. "Do you usually sound bad, or do you even know?"

"Ah, I've sang a few times, but it was never really my thing," he told me, shrugging.

I froze, and then glanced around me. "Uh, where's Celia?" I broached, just noticing my missing friend. "Did she leave? She abandoned us! Jack, we must find her!"

"She probably left because we kept talking to each other. I'm sure she'll turn up," the Guardian reasoned. "So, little Miss Summer... would you face me in a snowball battle to the death!?"

"I would gladly die in the quest for glory! I accept your challenge, Ice Princess!" I responded in turn, offering my hand. He shook it once, nodded, and declared, "You have one hour to amass your army and build your fortifications. At the turn of the hour, we wage war! ... Wait, 'Ice Princess?' You're nicknaming me 'Ice Princess!?' Really? Fine, Livvy. I'll call you... something! Once I figure it out!"

"You can't even figure out an annoying nickname for me? Haha! I win!" I cackled.

Jack shook his head, smiling up at me. "Bring it on, sweetheart!"

* * *

><p>The snowball war was intense. I had a team of Ahsoka, Jared, Harry, Ron, Hermione, Luka, Tobin, Anakin, Alex, Samheed, Lani, Meghan, Celia and Captain Rex. Jack had gathered Obi-Wan, Gandalf, Rapunzel, Eugene, Katniss, Gale, Peeta, Hiccup, Eragon, and Arya. We outnumbered them a bit, but the Guardian of Fun had managed to nab the likes of Gandalf, Katniss, and Obi-Wan. I felt a tightening in my stomach.<p>

My forces set the use of our fleeting hour to construct a semi-circle of defense against the opposing team. We built it up to a solid four feet tall, but didn't have the time to make an exceedingly large half-ring, so many people spent portions of the battle patching holes that were looked over and lengthening the edges.

As we scrambled to finish what task we held, Jack declared from his snow castle that the war was to begin in, "... five, four, three, two, ONE, GO!" He counted, signalling his troops to fire.

Our two teams began to clash, pelting each other with snowballs, usually missing, occasionally making a hit. I ordered Jared and Harry to hurry. Our mega-weapon was going to put a dent in Jack's ego. And a few other things.

"Is it big enough?" Jared panted, tired from all the clambering around. I flung the snowball in hand at Rapunzel, making a decent hit. Then, I crouched down to level with the pre-teen, and I scooped up several handfuls of snow to help him pack onto the Giant Snowball Number One. Smoothing it out so that it was almost a perfect sphere, I whispered, "It's ready!"

Jared and I rolled it over to Harry, who was working on the second behemoth. "Ready?" I asked.

"Not quite," the young wizard replied. "Samheed is working on the third snowball, but it will be a while before both are finished."

"That's okay," I assured him. "A drawn-out attack will only weaken their spirits. Let's start the first volley! Ron!" I called for Harry's friend.

"I'm here!" He reciprocated, shuffling over to our small gathering. "Alright, I'm ready to cast the spell."

"Ahsoka, are you ready?" I shouted.

"Always!" The Padawan called.

"To you, Ron!" I said.

"Wingardium Leviosa!" Ron chanted, swishing and flicking his wand. The Giant Snowball Number One rose in the air above our heads. For a moment, our entire team's heads moved as a single wave to follow the ascent of the snowball. As soon as a snowball struck Arya the fight resumed, but Ahsoka guided the cyclopean snowball, aimed, and hurled it, using the Force, at the base of Jack's snow fortress. The impact

blasted through to the other side.

"OLIVIA!" Jack roared from across the couple yards between our forts. His voice lost some of its size in the transition across the space. "WHAT IN THE NAME OF GOD WAS THAT!?"

"A snowball," I explained, acting if all was normalcy. "Did you like it?" I smiled awkwardly.

"You put a big, gaping hole in my castle!" The Guardian moaned, burying his face in the top of the snow wall in front of him. "Whyyyyyyyyyy?!"

"Because Jackie Boo... ALL'S FAIR WHEN YOU'RE FIGHTING AN ICE PRINCESS!" I whooped. "Let's go Ron, Jared, and Ahsoka!" My team cheered, renewing their attack.

Across from us, Jack was yelling at his troops to advance, bringing the fight to our faces. We had a few seconds before it was massacre time.

"Finish those last two snowballs! We can distract them while everyone gets ready for some one-on-one battle! Hurry!" I barked, kneeling to scoop snow on Giant Snowball Number Two and Three. When they reached a passable shape, Ron and Harry lifted them into the air for Ahsoka to guide with the Force.

While the distraction didn't cause Jack's team to retreat back to their base to protect and repair it, it did snap up their attention. I caught a glance of the Winter Spirit's face, which radiated a single goal: murder. Preferably myself, no less. I decided to do the sane, logical action: I scraped up a snowball and sprinted for him.

Jack chunked a particularly large snowball at my head as he rushed to face me. I dropped in a ninja-stylistic pose, dodging the blow. I aimed to throw my own, but when it came sailing toward him, he thwacked it to slush with his staff.

Continuing my momentum, I raced up to him, snatched his hood, and dragged him into the snow.

"Hey, hey, watch it! This is the only hoodie I have!" The Guardian shrieked, flailing. "Get off me!"

I cackled, shoving snow on top of the teen while keeping him pinned to the ground. He yelped, "Help! I'm being buried alive! Olivia's gonna kill me! Noooooooooooooo!"

I stood up to examine my handiwork- only Jack's head and bare feet were visible. The Winter Spirit fixed me with an irritated gaze. "I'm going to get you back for all of this!"

A pile of cold dumped itself onto my shoulders, forcing me onto my stomach. I yelped, hearing Jack's, "Yeah!" accompanied by several chuckles.

"Thanks, guys," Jack said to my attackers.

"Sure thing," Peeta reciprocated, his voice its usual, casual

optimism.

While Gale and the baker's son dug the Guardian out of his snow-pile prison, Eugene lay down beside me, propped on his elbows, smirking. "Hey, how's the weather in there?"

With a scowl, I spat into his eyeballs, causing him to recoil with an utterance of surprise.

"Gah! My eyeballs are freezing! I'm gonna die!" Eugene shrieked, clutching his burning baby blues. "Gaaaaah!"

"Ha ha!" I jeered, singing, "Burn, baby, burn! Disco inferno!"

Jack frumped, and then dumped another pile of snow on me. While I shrieked, Eugene rubbed the spit from his eyes, stoping the burning sensation.

"Well, I guess we win," Jack remarked to me. "HA! You lost."

I grabbed for his foot, not knowing what else to do. "OH MAH STARCLAN. I LAHVE YOU!"

"Whaaat are you doing?" Jack asked, glancing down at me.

I snuggled up to his calf, smiling like an adorable five-year-old given a witty surprise. "I wuv you!"

He laughed. "Love me? Okay, but we still won!"

"And now that means you get to build me a snow fort!" I chirped.

"Snowfort?" Jack echoed. "Since when do I have to build you a snowfort?"

"Since... right now!" I proclaimed, raising a finger. "And I would also like some hot chocolate!"

Jack snickered. "Okay... bye!" He began sauntering off with the other guys, leaving me under the pile of snow.

"No! No, Jack!" I cried in a fake, British-accented voice. "Don't leave meh! I need you! I'm starting to _freeze!_"

"Alright," Jack conceded, swiveling back around to face me. "What's the best season?"

"Summer!" I blurted.

"No, guess again," he said, like a sickly sweet kindergarten teacher. "You get _one more try!_"

"42!" I answered.

"C-Wut!?" The Guardian stuttered. "No, that's not an answer; try again."

"Fine, you want me to say, "winter," so "WINTER!" I shouted.

"Alright, dig her out," Jack instructed. Peeta, Gale, and Eugene began scooping a hole in the layers of fluff to allow me out. I wriggled, hoping to loosen some of the snow, until I was standing, brushing snow off my body and out of the crevasses in my clothes.

"So, snow fort of awesomeness, plus some hot cocoa? Shouldn't be a problem!" Jack agreed. "Onward!"

He led us to his smashed snow fort, where he glided into the air to address the warring people. "Hey! Guys, I've got something to tell you!" The snow balls fell out of the air. Heads turned to face the spirit.

"Okay... we're building a snow fort of awesomeness and stuff right now, so if you want to help, come over here!" Jack explained, signalling the broken snow structure as the "here!"

Many of the others dropped the snow balls left in their hands and swarmed the base. Jack began giving orders, "You two scoop out any snow that got into the fort... I need some people on snow-collection duty, and some others to start making snow bricks!"

"Jack! Where should the doors go? Any windows? Escape holes? Snow chairs?" I asked.

"Just give me a minute," he replied, thinking. With his hand over his mouth and chin, the Guardian pondered until he exclaimed, "I got it! Put a door there, a window there, there, and there, and put the secret entrances wherever you like!" He pointed to several locations before throwing his hands into the air.

I grinned. "Awesome!" I shouted, before sprinting off to oversee important architectural business.

* * *

><p>As the sun teetered towards the edge of the sky, our ragtag leftovers from the previous group decided to trudge back home. We had spent the greater portion of afternoon constructing our fort, and then turned to ice skating and Jack pretending to be the King of Snow and Ice in the "snow palace." I fell into the role of "Fire Queen."<p>

"Why don't you want to be the Snow Queen?" Jack demanded.

"Because I'm too FABULOUS!" I explained, striking a "fabulous" pose. "And, besides, I really don't want to be Elsa!"

"Who's that?"

"Queen Elsa of Arendelle. She has ice powers but her fear made them go crazy. I wouldn't want to be her because she has so many responsibilities and is afraid of herself. I like being me!"

"Well, responsibilities are boring, so that makes sense!"

Jack, along with the talented few who could also, taught us how to skate. I had gone a few times before, so thankfully I wasn't

completely hopeless (cough, cough, Hiccup, cough cough!). In the end, I could actually move freely without cutting off the circulation in Jack's arms.

"This is amazing!" Ahsoka whooped as I passed her on the rink we had placed in the snow fortress.

"I know!" I shouted back. "Look at me! I'm gliding-OHMYSTARCLAN!" Due to the fact that I had stuck my arms and leg into the air, I careened forward onto my face, but caught myself with my outstretched arms.

Jack, Ahsoka, and the others on the rink laughed, but several came to my rescue. Hermione and Captain Rex reached me first. Hermione questioned if I was okay while Rex hauled me back onto my skates.

"I'm fine, guys!" I chirped. "Thanks for your help. I'm sure we all fall more on our faces than we let on."

"That's true," Rex reciprocated. "Just be more careful next time."

"What's the point of being careful?" I teased as the rest of the group went back to skating. "There's no fun in that!"

"Aeh! You're like Commander Tano!" The clone groaned, sliding off across the ice.

Jack linked arms with me. "Looks like I'm gonna have to make sure you stay safe. Guardian standards."

I laughed. "Okay, just keep up with me!" I zipped off, propelled by the Winter Spirit.

As the sun waned, so did the size of the group. Eventually, the cold whittled us down to Jack, Ahsoka, Jared, Luka, Tobin, Gandalf, Hiccup, Celia, and myself. We stood or sat about, not particularly interested in anything snow-related at the moment.

"We could go sledding," Jack suggested. He was laying upside down on his ice throne with his tousled hair brushing the floor.

"You could melt this place," Hiccup grouched. "It was nice and sunny until it snowed. Now it's just like Berk."

"Nerd," Jack taunted.

We snickered, and then I teased, "Bully!"

Jack stuck out his tongue at me while Celia moaned, "Stop flirting!"

Some others chuckled, while Jack and I shared a glance. Hawkward...

"We could watch a movie," Jared offered. "My treat. At my place."

"Or we could MAKE a movie!" I countered, staring into the greatness

of the beyond and rise to my feet.

"No," Celia shot me down.

"Darn," I muttered, plopping back down with my head hanging.

"I'll make movie with you!" Jack cried. "Just... not right now."

"Yes!" I hissed, pumping my fist. "Jack, you're my new best friend."

"Traitor!" Celia fake-whined.

"I'll watch a movie, Jared," Ahsoka said.

The tween looked startled, then a sort of shocked pleasure crossed his face. "Great! C'mon, Ahsoka!" When the Padawan stood beside him, he inquired, "Anyone else?"

"I'll go," I said, trudging over beside him. Celia and Jack popped over to stand beside me, agreeing to the terms.

Luka and Hiccup likewise agreed, while Gandalf and Tobin declined. We teens scampered back to Jared's treefort, where we began several... SEVERAL movies...

****Another chapter, at LAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAST! I'm so happy! This was supposed to come out around Christmas... and then SHIZ UNIVERSITY happened and all Dark Forest broke loose. But here it is! Ta-derp!****

****So, our songs used in this chapter were "Summer" from Phineas and Ferb and... well, actually, that's about it! So, if ya wanna look 'em up...!****

****This concludes our transmission. Peace out, dudes.****

10. Kidnapping Is Fun!

****Me: We're back! ****Say "hi!" guys!****

****Ahsoka: Hello! It's Ahsoka!****

****Arty: Greetings.****

****Captain Rex: Hello.****

****Me: Alright! Who's going to the you-know-what with who?****

*****awkward silence*****

****Me: C'mon!****

****Arty: I have a girl in mind, but I'm not sure if I'm going to ask her or not.****

****Me: Good! Anyone else?****

****Ahsoka:** I have a guy who might, but I might just go with a friend.**

****Me:** Well, Captain?**

****Rex:** I don't go to you-know-what's.**

****Me:** Hmpf. Fine. Be that way. On with the story!**

I woke up, snuggled against a really very cold Jack and with my feet across Celia's lap. Her legs were splayed upon the arm of the couch in Jared's treefort. Jared himself was conked out on the floor atop some pillows and a sleeping bag, with Ahsoka and Hiccup to both sides of him, likewise situated. Luka snored lightly in the armchair near the couch. I shivered. It was time to get up. It would be time for classes soon, and I didn't even know what I was going to teach.

We had watched too many movies and stayed up too late. The television was, well, should have been, on. I turned at a noise to find Artemis staring at me, fully dressed for the day in one of his Armani suits. The Irish genius was giving me the popular girl stare-down.

I cleared my throat. "Can I help you?"

"I don't understand the need to stay awake watching those obnoxious films when we have work to be doing! In fact, I also question the snow festivities and ice cream eating...! Oh, not to mention the swimming in a dirty lake! How, in all the Earth, is this possibly a solution to fighting Opal? The most I have seen you do is send the villains a basket of your undergarments, of which I sent Butler to deliver!" Arty ranted, then straightened his tie. "Have you no leadership qualities? Where is your professionalism, woman?"

"What's for breakfast?" I asked, smirking devilishly.

"I really do not like you," Artemis hissed. "Please vacate my treefort, and take Mr. Grace with you. If he's proving to be a disturbance, I will get rid of him." Then, the teenager strode to the kitchenette.

Butler, who had somehow (with SORCERY!) concealed his hulking frame in the shadows of the kitchen space, lit the stove, ready to cook a meal. Artemis began a conversation with his manservant, most likely about world domination and unicorns.

"Jared! Ahsoka! Luka! Guys, get up!" I called, shaking the arm of Jack, jiggling Celia with my legs, and getting up to shake the others not on the couch. The others teens sat up and blinked, groggy from their lack of undisturbed sleep.

"C'mon! We're escaping from Artymis!" I exclaimed. The others rose to their feet, clustered together. At my words, they followed me to the door.

Once outdoors, our little band of teens wandered towards the woods, where we passed Katniss and Gale hauling in their loads from the evening. I stopped them for a moment, imparting upon them that Arty was in a "Fowl" mood and that they should take their game to my tree fort to clean. Our newly expanded group jogged back to my

place.

Katniss and Gale gutted the animals while Jack and Celia arranged the wardrobe for the others. For Jared, they selected dark, gray jean shorts, flip flops, and a black tank top. He slid on a pair of sunglasses as they moved onto Ahsoka. The Padawan was swathed in white shorts, a reddish-orange tank top, and a white and blue chevron scarf.

_My mother strikes again, _I thought at the sight of the pattern, of which was my mother's obsession.

For Luka and Hiccup, brown, green, and purple were used in shorts and T-shirts for their outfits, and for myself, I grabbed black shorts and a red tank top before I was tampered with. In the end, Celia and Jack had stuck us all in summer clothing, even Jack himself, who wore white shorts and a deep blue collared shirt with short sleeves.

"Now," Celia instructed us, handing Jack his white-rimmed sunglasses. "We go get revenge on Arty!"

I slipped on my own gold shades. "Awesome."

After acquiring Katniss and Gale into our entourage, we strutted towards Tree House Eight, where Jack banged against the door. Butler opened it, sending a few teens stumbling back. Jack glared at him in a sort of pouty face, while the bodyguard growled at him.

"Master Artemis!" The manservant called to his principal. "You have visitors!"

The Irish genius came to the door, filling the space vacated by Butler. "Yes? What do you want?" He demanded.

"Iiiiiiiiiit's kidnapping time!" I shouted, throwing my hands in the air. "We're gonna help you have FUN, Arty!"

As I noticed Butler's eyebrow raise in interest, Jack shoved a sack over the genius's head, then he, Ahsoka, and Jared hoisted the Irish teen off his feet. Our swarm whisked him away to Hiccup's suggestion of riding dragons.

Hiccup called to Toothless, who was conversing with the other dragons, many of whom blinked in a sort of dazed fashion. It would appear that the dragons enjoyed late mornings.

Hiccup told his Nightfury our/his plan in Dragon Tongue, and the dragon seemed to agree. While Hiccup, with some help from Jack, shoved Artemis atop Toothless, Shardas and Feniul offered to carry the remainder of us.

"Sure!" Luka agreed, since the offer was directed to him. "We'd love to!"

"All aboard!" Feniul said happily, bobbing slightly. Luka, Gale, and Katniss clambered upon the green dragons back between the ridges in his neck, while Jack, Celia, Ahsoka, and I scrambled up on the Dragon King's back. I was, undisputedly, at the front.

"Dragooooooooooooooooons!" I whooped, shaking my fists. "Let's BLOW this popsicle stand!"

After a brisk signal from Hiccup, the three dragons shot off. Their wings began to beat, until a rhythm settled over their (and my) minds. I cackled as effervescent delight rose from my stomach; simultaneously, I exhaled in relief, as if I had some huge burden that flying away had rescued me from. I laughed, again, at the thought of being "held prisoner" by my being in charge of the others. If anything, it just feels good (as anyone would admit) to run away from your problems and cares for a while.

I looked for a moment, sideways, at the riders on Feniul, who seemed, although a bit pale, to be enjoying the flight. Artemis, however, appeared to be nauseous, up to the point where he leaned to the right a little and puked.

I pushed away the thought of someone getting rained on by barf.

Ahsoka, who sat between the ridge behind me and in front of Celia, wrapped her arms around my neck as she leaned in to yell at me. Even being as close as she was, some of her words weren't as clear the first time. "ASK THE WAGON HAIR E IS FAKING GUS!"

"WHAT?" I demanded in an instant.

"I SAID, 'ASK THE DRAGON WHERE HE IS TAKING US!'" The Padawan repeated.

"OH!" I exclaimed. When Ahsoka sat back in her "seat," I leaned along towards Shardas's head. "CAN YOU TELL US WHERE WE ARE GOING?"

"I'm just following the lead," the gold dragon answered.

"Oh, okay," I said, slumping back. I twisted toward Ahsoka. "HE SAID HE WAS FOLLOWING HICCUP."

"OKAY!" The Padawan concluded.

The ride continued in relative silence. At one point, Hiccup steered Toothless around and we began the return flight. On the way back, Ahsoka and I chatted about Ahsoka's feelings about being a Padawan, the war between Republicans and Separatists, and the Jedi Order.

"Jedi are cool," I admitted. "Better than Sith, definitely. But I'm not sure I'd feel about BEING one, if I could. As cool as it would be... I don't know how I'd feel about the whole thing."

"It's not bad," Ahsoka assured me. "The training can be difficult until you get used to it, and, sometimes, I feel like there's a bit of uncertainty among many of the newer Jedi about some of the rules and principles, but in all, it's pretty good!"

"You wouldn't leave it, then?" I questioned.

"Well, no," she murmured. "Olivia? Why? Is there something you aren't telling me?"

Inwardly, a dark chuckle sounded in my head. There were so many things I wasn't telling her! Palpatine was corrupt and secretly a Sith, she WAS going to walk out of the Order (for pretty good reasons), and lots of shippers pair her with both Rex and Anakin! Gross!

(Hey, I've got nothing against you guys, it's just... weird. Ahsoka is single as a Pringle!)

"No, I was just curious on how YOU felt about the Order. If it's going downhill or whatever," I lied, smoothing the awkward, 'I-stalk-you-by-watching-a-television-show' moment over. Though, I wondered if mentioning not to trust Palpatine would reveal enough without giving anything away...

"So!" I chirped, shoving that subject away for later. "Any plans tonight? Maybe after we drop Arty back off to Butler, we could hang out with Celia! And Katniss and whoever else! Do some girl... thingies or whatever."

"_Girl_ thingies?" The Padawan echoed.

"Yeah, ya know... girl stuff. Paint your nails, go shopping, talk about boys..." I listed the sort of girly things I thought most teenage girls my age would enjoy doing. At Ahsoka's unenthusiastic glance, I suggested, "Or, we could invite some guys over to wrestle or play video games with!"

"I like that one much better, honestly," Ahsoka chuckled.

At our return, Butler waited with Anakin and Tobin to ensure Artemis's well-being. After checking that his charge was fine, if a bit ruffled, Butler followed his principal off to their tree fort. Anakin requested Ahsoka for training purposes, and Luka wandered off with Tobin for some princely... whatever.

Hiccup took Toothless out for a stroll to the lake, while Katniss and Gale returned to Katniss's fort to prepare lunch. Celia and Jack left separately, with Jack going to find Harry and Ron about some such or another, and Celia going off to read. Alone.

I sighed, then realized it was ten past nine. I scrambled to my meeting area, finding a grumbling crowd. I told them, "Sorry, guys! Classes are cancelled today in favor of independent study. Have the day off or work on your own projects. Sorry for the short notice." Mostly smiling, everyone began to wander away, although a few looked confused on what to do or annoyed at being held up.

I ensured everyone knew the day was a freebie, and then went into my room to write for an hour or so.

* * *

><p>The sky was mottled with several grayed cotton balls on steroids as I emerged from my shared tree house. The thought of possible thunderstorms drifted through my mind. It was lunchtime, so I had brought a meatball sub and some cucumbers with blue cheese dressing to eat on the edge of the deck. As I munched on my lunch, a slight creak on the deck and a shift of the planks alerted me to the fact

that someone approached me.<p>

"Greetings, Miss Olivia," Artemis greeted me, sitting to my right.

"Hello, Arty!" I beamed to him. I ripped off another bite of sandwich. "Whatcha up to?"

"Nothing of your concern," he assured me, even though with a bit of a stiff collar. "I planned to ask you for a favor."

"Sure. What?" I agreed.

"Would you mind me asking why you were placed in charge?" Artemis inquired. "I feel as if you are here as a guide, but nothing more."

"Okay, Arty, I'm trying to eat a sandwich WITHOUT stuffing it down someone's clothes," I snapped. "Leave me alone about your control issues. I'm planning a meeting among our team, but I'm not going to invite your opinion if you keep bothering me!"

"Fine," he sighed, rising to his feet. "When is this meeting?"

"Tonight," I told him vaguely, before clarifying. "Probably about seven. I'll send Jack to tell you any details."

Nodding, the genius left. I kicked my dangling legs back and forth, mulling the notion over in my mind. I had decided, upon seeing Artemis, that a meeting with some of the "representatives" from the different stories would be a good way to make sure everyone was involved. And, as an added bonus, we could discuss the most appropriate way to deal with the threats we faced.

Works for me.

* * *

><p>I lounged on the couch between Ahsoka and Jack in our treefort. Beside Ahsoka, Celia was staring at her book while we waited for a few more people to file in. Artemis was perched upon a stool, nibbling at a sausage muffin, while Harry, Katniss, and Jared were arranged in the various chairs and beanbag across from the sofa. On a stool one over from Artemis, Rapunzel was sipping some lemonade. Creel swayed on the stool in between them. Gandalf shuffled in.<p>

"Hello!" I greeted the wizard. "Would you like something to eat or drink while we wait for about three or four more people?"

"Yes, my dear," Gandalf agreed, beaming. "A little red wine for me, I think!"

"Alrighty, then!" I exclaimed, popping up to fix a serving of the beverage. After pouring, Jared and Hiccup ambled in, and I offered them the same.

"Ah, no, thank you," Hiccup answered as I brought Gandalf his wine. Jared asked, "Got any Doritos?"

"Sure!" I agreed, searching the cabinets for snacks. After producing two bags, I hurled one at him.

"Thanks," Jared called to me.

We waited a few more minutes until Alex and Eragon finally walked in.

I set about, making sure everyone had a drink or snack (a pumpkin juice here, a bowl of ice cream there), before launching into my meeting. Once it had seemed all present were comfortable and content, I cleared my throat so I could launch into speech.

"Okay, guys! I've forced you all here together so we can discuss our predicament, share knowledge between each other, and otherwise throw out ideas to one another. Namely to me. So, our first bullet on the checklist is to share knowledge. Anyone want to go first?" I glanced around, making eye contact with a few people.

"I'll go," Jack said, standing up. We traded spots, as Jared had taken my previous seat on the couch. The Winter Spirit stood to the side of the stools where I had addressed the crowd.

"Should I state my name or are we good?" He began, ending with a look at me.

"Just tell us who you are comparatively to your enemy," I instructed, then added before he could be confused. "Basically, tell us you're a Guardian, what that means, and why."

"Okay," the spirit started, grinning. "My name is Jack Frost, and I'm a Guardian. We're protectors of children against, okay, don't pull a muscle, _the boogeyman. _Yeah, we fight the creepy dude that hides in your closet and under your bed. In actuality, he's MUCH creepier than that. He seeks to spread nightmares and fear to every kid in the whole world. Nobody can see him unless they believe or fear him. It's kinda sad, actually. He's not very nice, but I've heard he had a weird obsession with one of the other Guardians's friend, once. He wanted to make her his Nightmare Princess. Sorta lonely, I guess. But the most I can say is he was somebody else with a family before he went around hurting people. And now, we protect children against him." Jack scratched the back of his neck. "That's about it."

"Excellent! Who next?" I prompted, allowing Jack an escape.

"I believe I have collected myself enough to speak," Artemis declared, and then rose to claim the spotlight. "My enemy is Opal, a pixie genius of the underground collection of races known as the People. They, as fairy folk, have been hiding from humans, or Mud People, as they call us, for several generations. I happened to gather information about them, which in turn I used to create a plan to kidnap one of these fairies and hold him or her for ransom. After a few minor setbacks, I was able acquire the gold, and even later form a friendship with many of the People."

"How did he manage THAT?" Jack muttered to me.

"It was an incident with Opal that spurred this occurrence on," Arty

continued. I wondered for a millisecond how many people were almost asleep. "And I have had to face Opal many times over. She is a megalomaniac but she is cunning. The best way I've found to beat her is to use her anger and need for praise against her. It makes her much less rational. As far as why I've stood against her, it was for business purposes, and then later to protect my friends and family." The criminal mastermind nodded once. "That is all I have to say." He resumed his seat before I could offer, "Next?"

Ahsoka stepped up after Arty. "My name is Ahsoka, and I've only faced the Son once. Anakin, Obi-Wan, and I were meeting up with Rex and some other clones at the location of a distress call used by an older generation of Jedi. We ended up on some strange, Force-emitting planetoid, where we met a trio of some pretty weird beings known as Force Wielders. There was the Father, Daughter, and Son."

"No Mother?" Jack whispered to me as the Padawan continued. I rolled my eyes.

"The Son embodied the Dark Side of the Force, and he sought to return to the rest of the galaxy, bringing imbalance and the Dark Side with him. We had to confine him to the planet, and all three ended up dead. I don't know how he's returned, but I suspect it has something to do with the Sith. That is all."

The process continued, with Creel stepping up next to explain Amalia.

"Amalia's a snoot and a fussy princess who happens to be a bit devious," Creel said. "I met her coming to King's Seat to find work at a Seamstress's shop. She fancied my shoes, which allowed the wearer to control dragons. I KNOW for a fact they were burned in the Boiling Lake, as was she. But maybe something happened. The Triune Gods intervened or someone saved her, but she's back... most likely for revenge."

"Or she's a ghost!" Harry piped up. "I was told once that people afraid to die or who want to stay can leave themselves behind in our world. Only wizards, though." The teen studied the floor in confusion.

"THEN SHE WAS A WIZARD!" Celia burst out, her face contorted in exaggerated shock.

The pair of us was sent into mad cackles, of which were added to by most of the others a beat later. Creel rubbed her face.

"Okay..."

The dressmaker returned to her seat, leaving the spotlight open to Gandalf.

"We find an old enemy has returned," Gandalf rasped. "I've seen it, too. Saruman's presense is all around Middle Earth. Recently, it has been only echoes, but now, he fills this area. Something has brought him back... as they others mentioned, he IS a wizard, and has a reason to stay on this Earth. He must be bent on making some mischief. That mischief I do not know. We shall see."

The wise elder relinquished his spot to Harry, who stood, clasped his hands together and said, "Um..."

I spotted Artemis exhaling in annoyance.

"Well," Harry continued after grasping his confidence. "Our villain is Voldemort. He's the heir of Slytherin and is intent on conquering both the wizard world and your world, the Muggle world. He has a large army of dark wizards and other creatures of the dark arts at his command. He'll kill anyone who gets in the way, no matter what. The main thing is to never get the way of... me, I guess." He jumped to explain at the sudden arrival of several confused expressions. "His goal is to kill me. He'll kill anyone or thing in the way. So let me hold him at bay if he's around. Otherwise, watch out for his Death Eaters. They are almost just as powerful as he is, and can kill you in an instant. Let the wizards in our team fight them."

"Anyone next?" I asked as Harry resumed his seat.

"I'll go," Alex Stowe said, taking the usual position in the room. "My brother Aaron is an outcast. Our society was split into three different groups: the smart, brave Wanted, the Neccessaries, who were just sort of in between, and the Unwanted. The Unwanted, us, were creative, talented people who could do things like sing or act. This lets us perform magic, but it was also dangerous because we were capable of thoughts that could disrupt the structure of Quill society. Aaron was a Wanted, and because of his ambition to one day become High Priest, he was okay with doing WHATEVER it took to get rid of people in his way. Now, I believe he wants to strike back in revenge to reclaim Quill."

We nodded and, as Alex sat down, Katniss took his place.

"Well, I'm Katniss and I'm not good at speaking in front of an audience, so please don't kill me if I stutter," the girl on fire began, earning several smiles and a couple chuckles from the audience. "I can't say what this may do to you, but your futures hold only nightmares. Eventually, a cruel government is going to take over you, what is left of you, and force you to watch as children slaughter one another! I live in a world where the Hunger Games are the Capitol's SICK way of keeping us in fear of one another! And we are FORCED to watch as if it's some kind of festive holiday or cheerful sporting event!" Katniss heaved a sob. "I was in the Games. I volunteered to save my sister. She was twelve and I had to protect her. I went in and messed up the rules entirely. We, my partner Peeta and I, had a strategy to be star-crossed lovers (Peeta's idea), and I decided, being as angry as I was at the Capitol, that since there could only be one winner, neither of us would live, the Capitol would have no victor, and the whole Games would backlash in their face. Because we were so popular in the Capitol, they had changed the rules to allow two victors, before revising it back to one when we were left. I had the idea to eat these nightlock berries so neither of us would live, ensuring there was no victor. Obviously, they allowed both of us as winners. And now, President Snow wants me dead, because I pose a threat to the Capitol's control over the Districts." Ahsoka stood, handing a box of tissues to Katniss, and led her back to her seat.

"I'm fine," Katniss assured everyone, sniffing.

"Well, if it makes you feel any better, I'd say you were probably one of the most enthralling speakers to listen to," I said.

Katniss smiled. "Thank you."

"Well, has everybody gone? We can get to bed soon if-" I began.

"Rainbowcrystle, did you forget yourself?" A soft female voice questioned.

"Huh?" I blurted like a doofus, spinning to find Spottedleaf curled up on Harry's lap. The mottled she-cat seemed not to notice the boy scratching her behind the ears.

"You were StarClan's choice to represent the Clans to the twolegs," the StarClan warrior spoke, her voice clotted with squeaks and whistles from speaking a different tongue. "You and Celia."

"So that's why you gave us power-up!" I exclaimed. "And called us by our warrior names!" I took an exaggerated stance of strength. "WE ARE EARTHCLAN!"

"Olivia!" Celia said. "Calm down, child!"

"I AM PHYSICALLY INCAPABLE OF SUCH A FEAT!" I continued yelling. "TELL HER, JACK!"

"Yep. Pretty sure that's Liv," the Guardian reciprocated.

"JOIN ME, JACK!" I exclaimed. "FLY US INTO THE SUNSET WHILE WE YELL LOUDLY!"

"M'kay," the spirit agreed, against my prediction, scooping me into his arms and preparing to fly out the door. I erupted in cackles, flopping onto the floor with a, "OOF!"

"Jeez, Olivia!" Celia exclaimed while the entire room sputtered in laughter and inquiries of my state. "You're, like, the Chosen One, and you're falling out of Jack's arms like a nincompoop!"

"That's because I AM a nincompoop," I reciprocated, grinning.

Spottedleaf mewed, "You three are as mischievous as kits! I don't know what to do with you!" A chuckle escaped her. "However, I must ask you all to be prepared tonight to face the DarkForest. I fear they ready themselves for an ambush as we speak."

"How certain are you?" I asked.

"Fairly so," the StarClan medicine cat reciprocated. "Do not let it worry you, but be vigilant."

"CONSTANT VIGILANCE!" Celia yelled, causing most everyone to jump and even drip in their pants.

I could see Spottedleaf smirk as she remarked, "It appears none of you have your wits about you as of yet, as Waterdew has proven."

The she-cat shifted her front paws inward, staring at the floor for a few moments, before returning her gaze to Jack. The StarClan medicine

cat's amber eyes seemed to make Jack uncomfortable. However, he did not break eye contact as she instructed him, "Be wary of your fun, Guardian." And then she was gone in a blink of shimmering fractals of light.

****Wait... is it really done? Am I actually finished with a chapter?
SANDY! YOU BETTER NOT BE MESSING WITH ME!****

****Yay! I did finish this chapter! It's a Thanksgiving
Miracle!****

End
file.